A photograph of Miss Gabrielle Ray, by Bassano.

Sweet is her collar's peerless job—
The dainty collar of her coat—
To feel all day a fluttering throb
Of pulses in that fairy throat.
Yet I would be a ringlet meek,
And, softly, shyly, kiss her cheek.

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"WAIT A MINUTE."

From the Picture by A. J. Elsley.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo *S. Elwin Neame.*

GERTRUDE ROBINS.

A Beautiful Playwright and Actress.

It is not often that beauty and brains are so well represented as in the case of Miss Gertrude Robins.

In her teens she took honours in modern languages at Oxford. If 'Varsity rules had permitted, perhaps she would have stayed on and become a don.

She is probably glad enough by this time that she could not.

She tried poultry farming, and later became an artist's model.

Then she blossomed into an actress, and it was while playing in "When Knights were Bold" that the idea occurred to her for still another departure.

This took the form of a clever little comedy from her pen, entitled "Makeshifts," which has been very well received indeed.

What is your next new surprise, Miss Robins?

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Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

LYDIA KYAKSHT.

A Charming Importation from Russia.

Adelina Genée, Queen of Ballet, is away in America, and her place at the Empire is being taken by an attractive and very competent little lady from Russia.

She is dainty and sprightly, and withal smiles while she dances. Empire audiences like that.

Her name is Lydia Kyaksht. There is a dancing school attached to the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and there at eight years old she went through her first steps. And there she remained until a committee of the theatre selected her for a solo dancer.

In Russia apparently they adopt a similar method for the discovery of dancing recruits as in England a football committee employs to make up a team. And who shall complain of a method which unearths dancers like Lydia Kyaksht?

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Photo *Bassano.*

MDLLE. BRITTA.

A Risen Star from Denmark.

"Why did I come to England? There is no promotion for the young in Copenhagen, there ladies of from thirty-five to forty get all the best parts."

London is the right place for you, Mdlle. Britta. Promotion does not go by seniority here, more especially on the stage.

She is only twenty, but the manager of the Alhambra when in Copenhagen was so struck with the beauty of her dancing that he gave her a five years' contract there and then.

She is *petite* and slight, and very blonde. She doesn't speak a word of English, but she has brought over with her a lady friend whose English vocabulary, if not extensive, is very good as far as it goes.

What Mdlle. Britta would do without her in London's wilderness she really doesn't know.

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Photo *Lewis Cornell Smith.*

BOBBIE ANDREWS.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Actor and Playwright.

PEGGY: Oh, thank you, sir, you gave me 'arf a quid, an' 'e tried to bolt wiv it. (*She holds out coin.*)
SIR PERCY (*to Peggy*): Now, tell me where you live?
PEGGY: Number two Nutt's Alley.
SIR PERCY: I'll come and see you to-morrow; and always remember, wherever you are, honesty is always the best policy.

This is an extract from Master Bobbie Andrews' play, "The Best Policy," written at the age of twelve—he is only thirteen now. Bobbie is a very clever actor as well as a playwright. He caused quite a sensation last year in Mr. Horace Vachell's "Her Son," and withal he is a very nice boy.

Lord Aberdeen was simply delighted with his manners, which he likened to those of a prince. Not every prince, perhaps, has manners quite so good.

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CONSUL.

The Most Intelligent Ape in Existence.

Let us introduce Consul; he is worthy of your acquaintance.

Consul has, or had until quite recently, a palatial suite of apartments at the Earl's Court Exhibition, where he lived a life of pleasure and gentlemanly ease. He has his bicycle, a typewriter with which to transact his correspondence, and above all his own banking account, on which he draws his own cheques.

He is the nearest approach to a man, and a refined gentleman at that, that the ape-world has ever produced. Could he but know him, how gratified Darwin would be at such a testimonial to his theories.

Consul is a dear, nice fellow; he loves Mr. Hilliard, the lecturer who extols his merits. See him seated at the table, the picture of prosperity. He pours out his wine himself, and when the meal is finished he selects a cigarette with care from a box handed to him, and lights it with his own hand.

There are many eighth wonders of the world, and Consul is one of them.

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Photos *Bassano.*

GERTIE BIRCH, PEGGIE FRANKLIN, and WINNIE BARNES.

Three Gaiety Girls.

These three pretty girls are all together in the chorus at the Gaiety, and are the best of friends. There is not much to be said of their careers; their history is all before them as it were.

Miss Peggie Franklin has lovely golden hair, and a delicate pink complexion. She loves reading novels, but has no favourite author. "You may get a book you like awfully," she says, "and the next by that author you don't care for a bit." Beyond question she is right. The class of young men she most dislikes is the ultra conceited. "You can be absolutely rude to them, but they are so eaten up with themselves they won't take a hint, however broad." Miss Franklin is a girl of decided character, bright, acute, and a Londoner.

Miss Gertie Birch comes from Liverpool, but her speech does not "bewray" her. She is fine, tall, and reposeful, and she has an abundance of real auburn, Titian hair of the richest tint. It is said that they are going to alter the stage limelights so that it may be seen to better advantage.

As for Miss Winnie Barnes, she is just a winsome child, of the Irish type of beauty, dark hair and blue eyes, and she is a great pet.

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Photo *Bassano.*

PAULINE CHASE.

"Peter Pan."

If, as has been said, a nickname is a sign of popularity, Miss Pauline Chase must be popular, for she has three: Pretty Polly, The Pyjama Girl, and The Pocket Venus.

The first is American in origin, the second arose in London in the play, "Liberty Belles." To carry out the author's idea Miss Chase was asked to wear a nightdress in the bedtime scene.

"But I never could wear a nightgown," objected she. "Then put on pyjamas," suggested the manager. But at the dress rehearsal she was suddenly stricken with self-consciousness, scurried across the stage, jumped into the big bed, and refused to come out.

"The impromptu business produced so much laughter that I was made to repeat it on first night," says Miss Chase, "and it just tickled the audience to death."

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Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

MABEL LOVE.

An All-round Favourite.

She is a very thoughtful little lady and inclined to epigram. Her advice to young stage aspirants anxious to emulate her brilliant career is of the soundest.

"Begin as early as possible. I began at thirteen. Study, study, study, and observe, observe, observe.

"If you fail you must work all the harder, if you succeed you must work all the harder still."

Miss Mabel Love is no mere specialist. Like the old stock actors, she is experienced in every branch, from drama and grand opera to dancing and musical comedy, but she likes legitimate comedy the best. And she has made her greatest hits in this her favourite branch.

For two whole years she was perfect in "Sweet and Twenty," and with one voice the critics said:

"We cannot say whether she was created for this part, or whether this part was created for her."

As the Americans say, she was IT.

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By Muriel C. Lindsay.

As the result of a slight mishap to his coach on his return from making "*le grand tour*," Jean-Marie de la Rosière, Marquis de Blanchmanoir, sipped the rough, country wine, and toasted his chilled toes on this damp night before the blazing fire of the wayside inn where he was delayed. As he stared thoughtfully into the dancing flames, he became gradually conscious of being watched, and, lazily turning his head, encountered a pair of bright, eager eyes, gazing at him from out an obscure corner. There was so much of wistful friendliness in the timid glance that the Marquis exclaimed: "Wilt not draw closer, friend, and share the fire with me?"

A chair was scraped back, and from out the shadows emerged a quaint, undersized figure, clothed in ill-fitting, weather-stained garments, with a shock of reddish-grey hair falling to his bright, inquisitive eyes. He bore a pack over his shoulder, and loosening it, bowed elaborately and seated himself.

"I thank your Excellency," he said in a high piping voice that harmonised oddly with his misshapen frame, "the warmth is indeed acceptable to my old bones"—stretching out a pair of thin hairy hands to the blaze. Pushing a glass towards him the Marquis filled it, and bade him drink. With sparkling eyes and another bow, the mannikin tossed off the fiery liquid as though it were water, setting down the empty glass with an appreciative smack of his humorous lips, and a covert glance full of longing at the half-empty bottle.

Desirous of knowing more about his droll companion, the Marquis bid him refill, and then demanded his occupation and destination.

"As your Excellency will have doubtless noticed, I am but a poor pedlar, and I go, like the wind, here, there, everywhere," he answered with a droll smile.

"But alas! misfortune has been my bedfellow this many a day; but yesterday my wallet was filched from me during the fair in yonder town. If your Excellency is in need of anything?" he suggested hopefully.

"Show me your wares," said the Marquis indifferently, "an' you have any good lace, I will gladly purchase, for my ruffles are in sad need of replenishment."

The little man eagerly unstrapped his pack, and displayed his wares with obvious pride. "Here was lace of a fineness suitable for a prince's ruffles," he averred, "or silks and ribbons for a sweetheart"—with a sly twinkle—"rings and brooches of surpassing value."

The lace found favour with the Marquis, but he shook his head over the tawdry jewellery and faded silks. A small package, hitherto unopened, caught his eye, rousing his

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curiosity. "And this?" said he; "here is something passed over."

"'Tis naught," replied the pedlar somewhat hurriedly, "but a trifle, and not worthy your honour's regard."

"Show it me," was the imperious rejoinder; "how can I tell if it be so unless I see it?"

"I assure your Excellency 'tis but poor stuff," faltered the little man with growing agitation, which but increased the Marquis' desire to behold this hidden treasure.

"Show it me," he said again, this time with an imperiousness which might not be brooked, and sullenly, with manifest unwillingness, the pedlar unwrapped the bundle.

A pair of dancing-sandals lay before Jean-Marie's gaze, of such a size and workmanship it seemed scarce possible they had been made by human hands. Of apple-green satin, they were curiously wrought with silks and gold in some fanciful pattern, with here and there a precious stone intermingled, the whole so cunningly devised and executed, that the satin's suppleness was in no wise destroyed.

"They were made by me for a Spanish dancer," said the pedlar at last, as Blanchmanoir gazed at them in silent admiration; "she had the smallest foot ever possessed by woman, and of a perfect shape. She wore them but once, for she died—of the plague, and on her death the sandals came back to me. The great lord who bade me make them forgot to pay me. He was afraid and ran away. I loved her, too, and was glad to keep them, all of her I ever possessed."

He put out his hand for the sandals, but the Marquis held them fast.

"I will buy them from you," he said; "name your price."

The pedlar's bright eyes clouded.

"Ah, monseigneur! do not tempt me," he cried. "I am a poor man, yet I vowed to keep them ever by my side. Give them to me, Excellency," he pleaded. "See, I will make you others——"

"Nay, these are what I would have, these and no others," quoth the Marquis. "Come, be not a fool. What are they to you compared with food and wine? See, I will give you your price."

The pedlar hesitated, torn between doubt and longing. At last—"Two hundred louis," he said defiantly, hoping and expecting that the exorbitant sum named would see his treasures pitched to him without ado. But from a fat purse the Marquis placidly counted out the requisite amount, and bade him replace the costly footwear in its covering.

"They are fit for a princess' wear," he said with gloomy pride.

The Marquis was of a romantic turn, and his handsome face flushed. "They are indeed," said he; "and here I swear to wed no woman whose feet will not fit them. Be she fair or foul, slut or high-born maid, I care not, so she can wear them. Pedlar, one more glass. Drink to the future wearer of the sandals."

* * * * *

"Your ladyship's head is finished," said a small, tired voice, "and 'tis mighty pleasing and becoming, I am sure."

My Lady Martingale raised her eyes from the contemplation of her plump, pink fingers, and surveyed this new fashion of head-dressing with much complacency; from all points it was satisfactory, and turning to her young tire-woman and relative, she was about to commend her skill graciously; but the expression on the girl's face changed her thoughts.

"Why do you look so, child?" she demanded, not ill-pleased at the admiration expressed in those speedwell-blue eyes.

"Oh, Madam Cousin!" the girl exclaimed in artless rapture, gazing on the lady with frank delight, "but you are so beautiful to-night. Surely none at Whitehall can compare with your ladyship?"

"Why, 'tis a fond, foolish child," said her ladyship in high good-humour, gently pinching the rounded chin, "there are women a-plenty at His Majesty's Court, finer and more handsomely apparelled than I," she added drily, for her lord's parsimony was a source of never-ending strife between him and his comely dame.

"Nay, that will I never believe," stoutly asserted the little maid.

"Nay, child, why prate of what you know not," answered Lady Martingale indulgently; "if you could but see them you would know my words are sooth."

"Could I but see them," murmured Mistress June. "Ah, cousin! what bliss! what joy! To behold Their Majesties and the great lords and ladies of whom you have spoken these many times. I seem to see the lights—the flashing jewels—the King's smile as you bow before him. The gay music sounds in mine ears. Ah, madam, I dream. Forgive my inattention."

Dashing her hand across her eyes, as though to shut out a too alluring sight,

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Mistress June turned to where a gorgeous mantle lay, and, raising it, held it out to her cousin. Lady Martingale paused irresolutely, and scanned the winsome figure before her, noting the pensive droop of the golden head, the flawless ivory and rose of the pure skin, the perfect shoulders under the modest kerchief, and her kind heart smote her.

"Would'st in very sooth like to go, child?" she asked curiously. The soft lips parted, the great blue eyes lifted and blazed into sudden hopefulness.

"Madam — cousin — you do but jest," she stammered. "Ah, if it were only possible!"

"And it shall be possible," cried her ladyship briskly, "for I will take thee with me this night. Nay, nay," laughingly trying to extricate her hand, which the enraptured girl was covering with soft, frantic kisses, "there is no time to lose. See, that green satin! 'Tis true 'tis a trifle out of the present mode, but it should fit your shape. There are shoes, I fear none too new, but beneath the hem they will pass unnoticed. Now girl, dispatch."

He put out his hand for the sandals, but the Marquis held them fast. "I will buy them from you," he said; "name your price."

Mistress June tore off her sober gown with feverish haste, and with eager, trembling fingers clasped the green satin about her. Of the same height as her cousin, the skirt fell round her in sweeping, graceful folds; but the bodice, made for Lady Martingale's ample form, even when tight laced, hung loosely upon the slender figure. A string of pearls about the rounded throat, a crimson rose thrust through her heavy curls, and Mistress June was ready, a living embodiment of her namesake, the month of roses. True, the shoes were so large for her tiny feet she could scarce walk in them, but such drawbacks were as naught to the happy maid.

As in a dream, she followed her mistress to the coach which bore them to Whitehall, where the Court was assembled, there to make her reverence to His Majesty Charles II.

The King's quick eye soon discovered the strange face, and on his dark, saturnine countenance flickered a gleam of interest as the lissom figure swayed before him.

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"And whom have we here, my Lady Martingale?" he demanded. "Not your daughter, I take it?"

"May it please Your Majesty, 'tis but my cousin, Mistress June Meadowes, from the country," the lady explained. "The child was frantic to present her duty to Your Majesties, and so——"

"I would the country sent us more such flowers to grace our Court and refresh the eye," said Charles graciously, with a singularly pleasant and winning smile. "We shall look to see you often here, fair Mistress June."

Amongst those following in His Majesty's train was the young and handsome Marquis de Blanchmanoir, at present on an embassy from the French King to his Royal cousin. Some years had passed since his purchase of the sandals from the pedlar, years of diligent but unfruitful search to find an owner for the fairy shoon. His quest was well known, and had become the subject of many a jest at home and abroad. As his eyes fell upon the flower-like face, they lit up with more than passing interest, and he surveyed it with eager scrutiny. Sick to death of the artificial beauties of the Court, the dainty *spirituelle* loveliness of the girl captured his senses, and a wild hope that here, perhaps, stood the future owner of the sandals, set his pulses awhirl. He passed on, then paused irresolutely. The music was beginning for a gavotte, and already bright eyes sparkled invitingly, fans fluttered expectantly as their fair owners waited for the Marquis to make choice. But he would have none of them, and, turning to a lord-in-waiting, said:

"Present me, I pray you, to the *demoiselle* with whom His Majesty but now conversed."

And thus to Mistress June, where she stood, demure and staid, beside her patroness, watching the scene with great wondering eyes, her cheeks faintly flushed, like the heart of a blush-rose, there came the most splendid person she had ever seen, who, with fingers outstretched, requested her hand for that dance.

She gazed at him in dazzled silence, and the colour deepened in her delicate cheeks as with a kindly, encouraging smile the Marquis gravely repeated his request.

Though he marvelled at her hesitation, he could not know that it was the thought of her shoes which made her pause, for impeding, as they did, her walking, how was she to manage their cumbersome largeness in the lively gavotte?

"Come, child, art asleep?" came in shocked tones from Lady Martingale. "Recall thy straying wits, his lordship waits."

Mistress June hesitated no longer. With a skilful movement she thrust the offending shoes under a stool, and, lightly placing her hand in Blanchmanoir's, suffered him to lead her out.

Light as thistledown she floated beside him, treading the joyous measure as if on air, or swaying before him like a slender lily in a billowing curtsey, and innocently, unconsciously dancing herself into Jean-Marie's empty heart.

"Here," he thought, "is the lady of my dreams. Surely one so delicately formed must fit the testing sandals?"

But look as he might, he could not see the dancer's blithe feet, so cunningly did she conceal their condition beneath her skirts. As the music triumphantly swelled to a close, a gay ripple of laughter sounded through the room, increasing in volume as my Lord Rochester held up a pair of misshapen satin shoes before the tittering throng, demanding the owner thereof.

A soft little gasp of dismay from the girl at his side caused the Marquis to turn, and he saw the sweet face had gone pale, though she carried her head proudly enough, and when the fresh outburst of merriment had ceased, the answer came bravely, clearly:

"They are mine, my lord," and Mistress June held out her hand for her shoes.

"Why, what now, my lords, what have we here?" came in a lazy, amused voice, as the King drew near, the circle opening before him to show the girl with hand outstretched for the shoes in Rochester's grasp.

"'Tis a lady, sire, who has mislaid part of her attire," he answered, bowing; "and, with Your Majesty's permission, I am about to restore the missing gear."

"Why, sweetheart," said Charles, with gentle raillery, and a kindly, amused smile for the girl's distress, "what is this I see? A maid at Court without her shoes? Fie, Mistress June! What country manners are these ye bring to town?"

"Oh, sire," faltered the girl, raising dewy eyes, "they were so monstrous large I could scarce keep them on," and, to prove her words, held out a foot so slim and small it seemed hardly that of a grown person.

"Now, here," cried the King, his whimsical mind scenting a possible divertisement, "here is an opportunity for an act of gracious charity. My Lady Portsmouth—my Lady Castlemaine—ladies, I pray you all to lend

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A murmur of astonished admiration rose from the eagerly watching group as the jewelled trifle slipped on.

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your aid to furnish Mistress Meadowes with fitting footgear."

Amid laughter and protestations from the assembled ladies, soon a wondrous pile of shoes of varying sizes and shapes lay before the bewildered girl; and my Lord of Rochester, constituting himself master of the ceremonies, on bended knee, with Mistress June's silk-clad foot in hand, slipped each sample over the tiny instep.

At last the Earl rose.

"Sire," he began, with mock compassion in voice and face for the discomfited beauties around, "I regret that Whitehall cannot produce a shoe to fit this lady's foot, which, I protest, a fairy must have bestowed at birth. Therefore——"

"Your Majesty," interrupted the Marquis, stepping forward, "there is yet one more pair, and, with your gracious permission, I will essay them."

Raising the lid of a casket, which, after some whispered words to a lackey, had just been brought to him, he disclosed to those assembled a pair of embroidered apple-green sandals, so dainty, so minute, it seemed scarce possible they should be worn by mortal feet. As he bent before Mistress June, his eyes sought and held her wondering ones, searching through their clear untroubled depths to the white soul behind. For a moment's space they silently questioned, then, seemingly content with what he saw in those clear blue wells, he reverently raised a tiny foot, and a murmur of astonished admiration rose from the eagerly watching group as the jewelled trifle slipped on, with never a wrinkle or distortion of its perfect shape.

A burst of light applause, led by Charles himself, greeted Mistress June as, its fellow in place, she stood up in all the bravery of her wonderful sandals; but the Marquis, still kneeling, took her hand, saying loud enough for all to hear:

"Mademoiselle, you have honoured me by accepting my poor offering. A devoted heart lies at your feet; pray, will you not accept it, too?"

And so the Marquis won his bride.

Photos *Horace W. Nicholls.*

XMAS EVE.

Last night old Santa Claus came round
When we were safe in bed,
And in our socks and on the ground
Good things deposited.

This Xmas morn, as well befits,
We raise them from the floor;
Soon we will smash them all to bits,
And then we'll have some more.

F. E. B.

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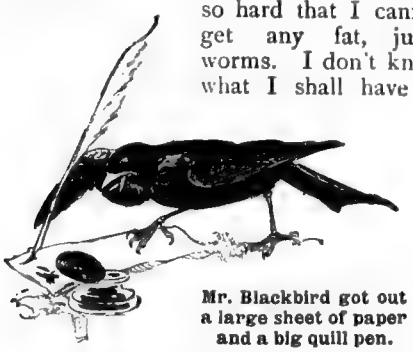
WHAT THE BIRDS DID

A Story for Children.

By Mary Brook.

"Dear me," said Mr. Thrush one day, "I wish this weather were over. What with frost and cold and bleak January days, times are getting bad. Not a berry left, the ground so hard that I cannot get any fat, juicy worms. I don't know what I shall have to do. And it is quite as bad for all the other birds, too. I think I must call upon Mr. Blackbird and Mr. Rook, and see if we can't get up a deputation to wait on the Thompson children, to ask for a little breakfast every morning. They are kind-hearted children, only just a little bit thoughtless, and perhaps they have no idea how thankful we should be for a few crumbs every day. I must see what can be done."



Mr. Blackbird got out a large sheet of paper and a big quill pen.

So off he went to Mr. Blackbird. Now, Mr. Blackbird was considered to be somewhat of a poet, so he thought it would be a very good plan to write a short poem and send it by Mr. Postman Carrier Pigeon to the Thompson children. He got out a large sheet of paper and a big quill pen, and after thinking very, *very* hard for exactly an hour and twenty-five minutes, he wrote the following:

The ground is frozen very hard,
There's snow on every bush and tree,
So please to think of us poor birds,
And throw out all your crumbs to we.

"Splendid, splendid!" cried Mr. Thrush, "just the very thing. If that doesn't bring us a good breakfast every morning, then my name isn't Thrush. We'll go off with it at once to Mr. Rook, and ask him to copy it out in his best handwriting, and send it.

Mr. Rook put on his spectacles with a very solemn air and read it.

So they went on to Mr. Rook, and told him all about their plan. Now, Mr. Rook was a very intellectual bird, and in great fear and trembling Mr. Blackbird submitted his little poem.

Mr. Rook put on his spectacles with a very solemn air and read it. Then he gave a contemptuous snort. "Throw all your crumbs to *we!*" he said—"to *we!* That's very bad grammar, Mr. Blackbird, very bad indeed. It won't do at all. Go back at once and write another poem, and don't *dare* to come to me again until you can turn out a grammatical one. I'm ashamed of you, positively ashamed," he screamed, so loudly and angrily

Mr. Blackbird and Mr. Thrush were quite frightened, and flew off in a great hurry.

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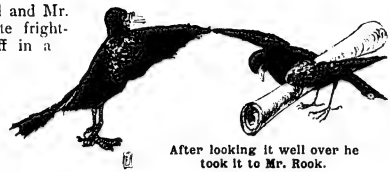
that Mr. Blackbird and Mr. Thrush were quite frightened, and flew off in a great hurry.

When Mr. Blackbird got home, he sat down to write another poem. He was not in such a hurry this time, but took two days over it. After looking it well over he took it to Mr. Rook.



After looking it well over he took it to Mr. Rook.

The winter cold and frost are here,
And summer days are left behind;
Alas! in days so dark and drear,
A breakfast's very hard to find.

So, if some crumbs you have to spare,
Please to remember birdies small;
And if your breakfast we can share,
We'll come and thank you, one and all.

"That is better," said Mr. Rook, with a benevolent smile. "I think it may do now. So I'll set it to music, and you go and call the Bird Prize Choir for a practice. Then we'll all sing it to the children. That will be much better than sending it by Carrier Pigeon. He might lose it."

So one morning in January, Kitty and Winnie Thompson were awakened by the sweet voices of birds singing their little petition. Mr. Rook took the bass part, and added a special solo of his own composition.

Remember the birds great and small,
Great and small,
Save them your crumbs one and all,
One and all.
But one bird *don't* overlook,
Overlook,
His name's Mr. Rook, Mr. Rook,
Mr. Rook.

Perhaps the bass solo sounded to human ears only like a few very loud caws, and the bird music like twitters and chirps. But I think that Kitty and Winnie knew what it meant, for they always remembered to put some crumbs out of the window every day.

Won't you remember to do so, too?

ADIEU.

She said "Adieu!"—I leant upon the gate . . .
There really was no least excuse to wait
Except that I was fond of her, and she
Had always shown a slight regard for me;
But still I lingered, though I knew 'twas late.

It was so pleasant to procrastinate
And watch her standing there, demure, sedate,
The while the moon rose just behind a tree . . .
She said "Adieu!"

What I was thinking of I need not state—
'Twas want of courage made me hesitate!
But, ah! how foolish one may sometimes be . . .
Now it's too late, of course I plainly see
My thought was hers when pensive and distraite
She said "Ah—do!"

R. Mertun.

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THE HEYDAY OF THE POODLE

How He is Clipped and Bathed and Combed and Be-Ribboned.

By Marcus Woodward.

(*Illustrated with Photographs by Thomas Fall.*)

In Paris every smart woman on her walks abroad has a smart poodle beside her. In London the poodle grows almost as fashionable. To-day is the poodles' heyday; never were they more appreciated, never were they accorded such lavish luxury. Nothing is too good for the aristocratic poodle; and how should it be otherwise?

Men may scoff at the shaven poodles—with their neat pom-poms of hair, their gay bows of ribbon, their gold and turquoise bracelets, their silk and satin cots, and their little fur-lined motoring coats, with pockets and dainty handkerchiefs; but the scoffers have never owned a poodle, or they would understand.

The poodle is a marvellously sagacious dog—he is almost human in his good sense. Extraordinarily faithful, he is never happy when away from his own people. He is the smartest dog in the world for tricks. Exceedingly gentle, loving, and lovable, at the same time he is of sporting disposition, keen to chase mice, rats, or rabbits—on the Continent he is considered in some respects superior even to the retriever as a sporting dog.

Then the scoffer should remember that the poodle is usually the companion of the lady of fashion, a dog of her boudoir and bedroom, the constant companion of her walks and her carriage and motor drives; and so it is only natural that something of the luxury of her life should be his. The poodle's life is on quite a different plane from that, say, of a gamekeeper's spaniel; and he must be judged from a different point of view. No doubt poodles are the spoilt darlings of Fortune, yet I claim that they deserve to be.

But why, demands the scoffer, must they be shaved? Why be made to look so ridiculous? Let it be remembered that poodles are a very ancient breed, and have been shaved from time immemorial—shaved as to-day, their effigies have been preserved on monuments dating back to the year 30 A.D. An unshaved poodle does not look like a poodle—he might be a retriever. And he is grateful for his shaving, for he is liable in hot weather to suffer dreadfully from the heat. Being shaved, in cold weather he naturally requires a coat on leaving hot rooms for frosty air.

There are several sorts of poodles, not to be confused. There is the corded kind, standing twenty inches high at the shoulder, with ropes of hair trailing to the ground; there is the smaller and smarter curly poodle; there are toys of all colours—apricot, brown, black, blue, and in exquisite shades of grey; and there is the distinct race of white Cubans, under twelve inches in height. These white Cubans were very fashionable in the eighteenth century, in the days when people kept black boys as attendants; but the strain almost died out in England, and has been revived only recently.

The wardrobe and the jewels of a poodle are bought, as a rule, in Paris, though a smart outfit can be selected in the Burlington Arcade in London, even to the motor-goggles. Poodles are very fond of motoring, and love to feel the rush of the air; thus it is a matter of importance that their eyes should be protected.

It is quite easy to spend upwards of ten

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This quaint costume is worn by really smart poodles when motoring. It is not the least expensive item of their outfit.

pounds in fitting out a poodle's wardrobe; in this way:

AN OUTFIT FOR A POODLE.

	£	s.	d.
Collar	0	10	6
Coat	0	10	6
Fur-lined motor coat	1	1	0
Set of rubber boots	0	10	6
Six handkerchiefs	0	9	0
Upholstered basket with hood	1	10	0
Travelling basket	0	12	6
Best wool mat, from finest sheepskin	0	5	6
Blanket	0	6	6
Bath	0	7	6
Twelve pats of soap	0	3	0
Clippers	0	8	6
Brush	0	4	6
Comb	0	2	6
Scent spray	0	10	6
Drinking and feeding basins	0	5	6
Indiarubber ball	0	3	0
Motor glasses	0	5	9
Lead	0	3	3
Bells	0	2	0
Two bangles	0	11	0
Medallion	0	1	6
Twelve bows	0	6	0
	£9	10	6

The figure might easily be increased—gold and turquoise bangles and bracelets, for example, are fashionable just now, and may run away with pounds. But a ten-pound note should set up a poodle in wardrobe, plaything, and toilet accessories very comfortably. Where my lady keeps half-a-dozen poodles, and rears puppies, she may spend quite a fortune on the little luxuries of their lives.

The aristocratic poodle is shaved, or rather clipped, once a month by its own coiffeur. There is great art in clipping; it calls for a good eye and a sound knowledge of poodle points—skilled clipping will go far towards hiding bad points and bringing out good ones. Thus, clipping will make a long back look, what it should be, short, while a short head may be made to look long. Several men earn a living in London by clipping poodles, and at least one lady has made a speciality of this form of art-work—Miss R. Grier—who, in her flat in Queen's Mansions, in London, initiated me into some of the mysteries of her calling.

Sometimes, she told me, she is called upon to clip four or five poodles in a day, which is hard work, for it takes from one and a half to two hours to clip, brush, comb, trim, and finish. The work is very tricky, and clients are liable to be very restless, especially when the clipper goes between their toes. Operations may begin on the front legs, where neat ruffles are left, the joint coming exactly in the middle—one ruffle of hair on each shaven leg. On the hind legs there may be two ruffles, and this year poodle fashion has dictated that the ruffles must not be worn so as to give the appearance of a ring, but should be somewhat elongated. Face clipping starts at the ear, and goes right down in a sweep to the tip of the nose—perhaps leaving a little moustache. Moustaches are now worn very small, and many smart dogs have discarded them.

Every year the Curly Poodle Club gives an "At Home," which is attended by the *élite* of poodledom dressed in the latest fashions. At the last "At Home," Mrs. Greenway's "Rosette Blanche" took the first prize for costume. He is seen here in his winning array.

In the old fashion, the hindquarters were clipped bare—but this was recognised as a mistake, since it adds to the apparent length of the back. To-day, the hindquarters are covered by a neat petticoat. Poodles should have short tails, clipped bare save for the essential ruffle at the tip; but long-tailed poodles may wear two ruffles. Between the

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petticoat over the hindquarters and the coat proper, extending from the head to well over the back, there should be two pom-poms of hair, perfectly symmetrical and rounded, with a shaven division between them.

Having clipped, brushed, combed, trimmed, and finished, comes the art of ribbon-tying. Always a bow on the front of the head is fashionable. Others may be worn on the collar and in the middle of the back. A huge collar bow is correct for very dressy occasions—as for the poodles' annual garden-party.

This is a great event in the life of the aristocratic poodle—the poodle of smart Society. Once a year the Curly Poodle Club gives an "At Home," attended by all the beaux and belles of the poodle world, attired in the latest fashions. They drive up to the pan-poodle congress in electric broughams and victorias, and are ushered in by footmen; some are most decorous, but others bound at the end of their leads—and they proceed to chat with old friends, and make new acquaintances, and to stand to be judged according to their classes.

The second prize fell to Mrs. Werher Chaytor's "Master Cupid," who masqueraded as the God of Love and won all hearts.

Many come in fancy dress. At the last garden-party the first prize for costume went to a beautiful little Cuban correctly dressed as a baby, in lace bonnet, bib, sash, and all, nestling serenely in a perambulator lavishly decorated with white flowers, fitted up with a sky-blue coverlet, and containing even a rattle. Another prize-winner was a poodle arrayed as Cupid, with wreaths of roses, gold wings, bow and arrows carried at his sides, and pink sandals. This little ball of white looked, as the ladies all said, a perfect darling. A third prize-winner came as a Suffragette in white, purple, and emerald ribbons, inscribed with the legend, "Votes for Women." Then there were dogs in Harris tweed, dogs dressed as Pierrots; some trimmed in forget-me-nots, others wreathed in roses; and they very much enjoyed themselves, especially when the judging was over, and they took tea at a special table all their own.

Mrs. Fagan's "Honey" was awarded third prize. Honey was disguised as a Suffragette, in the white, purple, and emerald of the "Cause," and bore the legend "Votes for Women."

The greatest hardship that is likely to befal the fashionable poodle is to be separated from its mistress

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when travelling, and staying at an hotel where dogs are not allowed in the rooms, but are relegated to obscure quarters underground, baggage-rooms, or cellars. But there is at least one fashionable hotel where the poodle may engage a suite—the Wolcott, in New York. I have received from America a full account of a poodle's day in this happy paradise, and it is worth quoting to show what might be done elsewhere.

Suppose Toto, a poodle, has arrived in New York from Chicago. He is tired by his trip across the continent; but the sight of the big, uniformed man who opens the carriage door puts new life and energy into him; for he has met door-men before, and has been promptly seized by them to be carried somewhere well away from the sight and sound of the world. Therefore would he attack this door-man—but, lo! he is carried past the tyrant, and his name is registered beside that of his mistress.

Then he is introduced to Marie, the dog-maid, and taken by her to his rooms. The chief room is after his heart. There is no carpet, and he much prefers the clean, rough sawdust, fragrant of the pine woods. The walls are papered in shining green, with white stripes. The windows, too high for Toto to jump from, if he should be unduly anxious to get out, but low enough to allow the room to be bathed in sunlight, open into an enticing court. There are baskets, drinking-pans, and baths, and everything is spotlessly clean.

Marie lifts Toto into her arms, whispers endearing words to him, sets him down beside a bowl of fresh water, into which she drops a morsel of ice, plays a game with him; then, having won his entire confidence, puts the question: "And now Toto will have a bath?"

Hot and cold water is turned on, Toto is soaped and scrubbed and rinsed, and sprinkled with a cool shower, and then Marie plays peekaboo with him so enchantingly in and out of the folds of a four-yards-long bath towel, that Toto doesn't really know he is going through the process of drying. Then, after a sprinkling with scent, to his basket—to fresh white linen over a soft cushion; then a scamper, then a simple dinner of dog-biscuit and meat; and then he is made ready for his afternoon's drive. At six he is back, is undressed, is bathed and perfumed once more; then his chain is attached to the dog-trolley, and he goes off for a scamper. The trolley is a strong wire running round the big room, to which is attached a pulley, to which the dog's chain, in turn, is attached, so that he may gallop round the room on a regular exercise ground until he is tired. Then dinner, then to bed on the clean linen which the veterinary surgeon, who visits the dog-rooms once a week, insists shall be changed every day.

As Toto prepares for sleep, a new guest arrives—a pug in a coat, with an umbrella fastened to a little saddle on his back, for it has been raining. Toto barks a loud welcome.

"This place is a regular paradise," says he

A group of poodles and their proud owners in the show ring.

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MATCHED · PAIRS·

By F. E. Baily.

Characters:

Viola Strickland.
Mrs. Strickland (*Viola's Mother*).
Veronica Ashton } (*Viola's Friends*).
Maisie Vane }
Gordon Casemate (*A Lieutenant in H.B.M.'s Navy*).
Wordsworth Sigh (*A Poet*).
The Hon. Alexander Snaffle (*A Member of the Aristocracy*).

(This little play is very suitable for amateur theatricals. All those wishing to perform it should apply for permission to: The Editor of The Royal Magazine, *Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)*

Scene.—*The Stricklands' drawing-room. Door* L. *There is a large arm-chair at the back, centre.* Mrs. Strickland *is seated,* L., *doing some sort of fancy work.* Viola *is twenty, tall, and pretty. Her mother inclines to stoutness, and appears to be about fifty years of age.*

Viola (*wandering restlessly about the room, picking up ornaments and putting them down again*).
Dear mother, I am told that many girls
Break into lovely laughter, and rejoice
If any man should ask their hand in marriage.
I—though I may appear unusual;
And you will probably remark: "Quite so,"
When you have heard what I am going to tell you—
Tremble with horror if a bachelor
Approaches. Dearest mother, every man
Who lives in this salubrious neighbourhood
(Good water, gas, main drains, and gravel soil)
Because of me has gone stark staring mad,
And says he loves me. Wherefore every post
Brings in proposals, chocolates, odes and sonnets
Of most inferior brand, and I am bored—
Horribly bored, completely bored to death.

(*Sits down wearily.*)

Mrs. Strickland (*coquettishly*).

Perhaps a year or two ago, when I was but a girl,
The heads of all the men around were hourly in a whirl;
Their capital disturbance had its origin in me,
For I was just as beautiful as beautiful could be.

I daily went a-walking to a fusillade of "oh's!"
From love-sick men who stood in groups, or raised their hats in rows.
And every afternoon we had a hundred in to tea,
For I was just as beautiful as beautiful could be.

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Poor Captain Smith, whom I refused, my answer seemed to stun,
And so he had an accident while playing with his gun.
Dear Captain Brown (rejected) died when bathing in the sea,
For I was just as beautiful as beautiful could be.

So, Viola, my darling, you may clearly understand
Why all the men run after you, and want to hold your hand;
For you—excuse the fond maternal pride—take after me,
And I was just as beautiful as beautiful could be.

VIOLA (*peevishly*).
Well, anyhow, I have refused them all
Save three. This afternoon, at my request
Come Gordon Casemate, sailor, Wordsworth Sigh,
The poet, and that celebrated youth
The Honourable Alexander Snaffle,
Each to propose, in terms of burning verse.
To help me out, and to rejoice with me,
I have invited Maisie and Veronica,
While you, I know, my dear, my dearest mother
Are going out to tea with Mrs. Tubbins.

VIOLA (*solemnly*): But I have got To choose, this very afternoon, a husband.

(*Door opens. A servant ushers in* MAISIE *and* VERONICA.)

VIOLA. Ah, mother—talk of angels—here they are.
MRS. STRICKLAND (*effusively*).
Maisie!—delighted. This *is* kind, Veronica! (*Kisses them.*)
I know you will excuse me if I leave you—
Dearest Veronica, how is your mother?
What charming weather, eh?—but I must go
To drink a cup of tea with Mrs. Tubbins.
(*Exit.*)
VIOLA. What ho! my friends. We are about to have
A most impressive time. (*Solemnly.*) But I have got
To choose, this very afternoon, a husband.

VERONICA (*sententiously*).
Viola, you're a very lucky girl. (*Sits down.*)
MAISIE (*enthusiastically*).
Glory! I'd like to be in your shoes, Vi.
(*Drops on the floor in a heap.*)
VIOLA (*still solemnly*).
Though a girl may be proud of her pretty new ring,
MAISIE (*thoughtfully*). That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.
VIOLA. Engagements are always a serious thing.
VERONICA (*primly*). That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.
VIOLA. Of course, you imagine you've jolly well got
A man in a million—the pick of the lot;
And sometimes you're right, but you're generally not!

MAISIE and VERONICA. That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.
VERONICA (*sadotely*) *I* think there is much to be said for a wife—
MAISIE (*interrupting*). That's dreadfully, awf'ly true!
VERONICA. Who cares for her husband, and brightens his life.
VIOLA. That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.
VERONICA. Not making the home an unbearable spot,
Nor talking of servants, and similar rot;
Who does what she *ought*, and not what she ought *not*.
MAISIE and VIOLA. That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.
MAISIE. The girl that *I* bar is the feather-brained chit.
VERONICA and VIOLA. That's dreadfully awf'ly true.
MAISIE. Who flops all day long in a tea-party kit.
VERONICA and VIOLA. That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.
MAISIE. Let every man marry a jolly good sort,
Who doesn't spill tears if the extras run short,
Or land him at last in the Bankruptcy Court.
VERONICA and VIOLA. That's dreadfully, awf'ly true.

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VIOLA (*looking at her watch*).
Ah! nearly half-past three, and that's the time
When my three suitors, bearing precious odes,
Come round to plead. Hark! I can hear them knocking.

(*Knock heard off.*)

Now, that big chair's my throne (*points to arm-chair*). Sit where you like.

(*A servant ushers in* SIGH, CASEMATE, *and* SNAFFLE).

(*A servant ushers in* SIGH, CASEMATE, *and* SNAFFLE.)

VIOLA. Good-afternoon, my loving, lyric friends!

VISITORS. Good-afternoon, Miss Strickland! (*They bow to* Maisie *and* Veronica.)

CASEMATE. Go on, Sigh,
Pitch in and get your rubbish over first.

(CASEMATE *and* SNAFFLE, *who has a sporting air, find seats.* WORDSWORTH SIGH, *a man with longish hair and an artistic appearance, advances towards* Viola, *who sits in the arm-chair, bows and declaims.*)

SIGH (*expansively*).
Descend, more divine than Diana,
Ignore the Olympic decree,
Relinquish ambrosia and manna,
To dwell on Parnassus with me!
Oh fresher and fairer than Venus
Who rose from the Cyprian tide,
Abolish the barriers between us
And blush as my bride!

We twain, in a cottage bucolic
Bone dry through the thatch overhead,
New scoured with soft soap and carbolic,
Would banquet on milk and on bread.
With supplements culled from the papers
We'd make the place cheerful inside;
Oh! order new things at the draper's,
And blush as my bride!

SNAFFLE: I'm a worn out crock at poetry—I don't know how to rhyme.

(*He kneels on one knee and strikes a tenderer note.*)
Your feet o'er the worshipping grasses
Float lighter than birds on the wing;
The voice of your pleading surpasses
The magical voice of the Spring.
Oh! sweet with the bloom and the splendour
Of youth at the flush of its pride,
Be swiftly my own, my most tender,
My beautiful bride!

(*He remains kneeling. During the recitation* VERONICA *makes eyes at him,* VIOLA *now rises.*)

VIOLA (*a little nervously*).
A thousand thanks—er—er—for these kind words!

(SIGH *bows, and sits down by* VERONICA, *who beckons him.* CASEMATE *motions to* SNAFFLE, *who advances, and reads from a paper.*)

SNAFFLE (*in the manner of a child reciting its "piece."*)
I'm a worn-out crock at poetry—I don't know how to rhyme,
But across the stiffest country I can lose you every time;
I can shoot—two birds, two barrels—and I'm useful in a scrap;
Will you run in double harness with a sportin' sort of chap?

You should have the smartest hunter that was ever taught to jump,
And I'd rush you off to Paris any time you got the hump;
I'd get anything from anywhere that's marked upon the map,
If you'd run in double harness with a sportin' sort of chap.

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I'm not the man for pretty talk—it's hardly in my way—
But Viola—I love you—and—that's all there is to say.
I'll be your own true knight, and wear your colours in my cap,
If you'll run in double harness with a sportin' sort of chap.

(*He looks at* Viola *anxiously. She feels she ought to treat them all alike, and so*——)

VIOLA (*a little more nervously than before*). A thousand thanks—er—er—for these kind words!

(SNAFFLE *looks disappointed, and sits by* MAISIE, *who beckons him. He and she and* SIGH *and* VERONICA *become quite absorbed in one another;* CASEMATE *now steps forward. It is clear he is the only one in the running. He looks* Viola *straight in the eyes. She blushes nervously.*)

CASEMATE (*as if commanding his men*).

When my thirty knot, throbbing destroyer leaps out on her errand of death,
And the north wind has troubled the waters that shrink from the sting of its breath,
When the nets of the sky and the sea and the storm for destruction are spread,
Then I think of you—safe from all perils—and keep her at "full speed ahead."

For my love has more strength to prevail than the ebb and the flow of the tide,
All the winds of the world shall suffice not to part us, nor floods to divide.
Dear, bring to my will for the winning your passionate will to be won,
And our path shall be fair as the sea-waves that laugh in the track of the sun.

(*He takes* VIOLA'S *hand. She blushes, hesitates, and glances at the other couples, who, engrossed in one another, have hardly listened to* Casemate. *She puts her finger to her lip for silence, withdraws her hand, and addresses the gathering.*)

VIOLA *and* CASEMATE *have slid apart.*

VIOLA (*clearing her throat loudly.*) Ahem! (*They all look up.*)

VIOLA. It's superfluous to mention
That your flattering attention
Has inspired me with a joy no words can utter;
Pardon any incoherence
Do not censure my appearance
For my foolish, happy heart is all a-flutter!

Though a careless girl of twenty
Yet I know *festina lente*
Is a saw the wise are terrified of scorning,
And, in view of this admission,
With your very kind permission
I will drop you each a postcard in the morning!

(*The three suitors bow gracefully.*)

VERONICA (*rising*). My dearest Viola, I beg your pardon—
I've had the very jolliest afternoon—
But I must go.

MAISIE. And, Viola, so must I.

SIGH (*eagerly*). If I might walk some way with you, Miss Ashton? . . .

SNAFFLE (*with great cheerfulness*). Suppose *we* go together, Mais——Miss Vane?

VERONICA (*to* Sigh). Why, I should be delighted! (*She beams on him.*)

MAISIE (*grinning joyfully, to* Snaffle). Right you are!

VIOLA. What! *must* you go? (*To* Maisie) Good-bye! Good-bye, Veronica.
Take care of Mr. Sigh (*shakes hands*) and Mr. Snaffle (*shakes hands*).

(*Exeunt* VERONICA, MAISIE, SIGH, *and* SNAFFLE *amid a murmur of farewells. As the door closes on them* VIOLA *turns to* Casemate.)

CASEMATE (*seizing her hands rapturously*). Viola! darling! say you'll be my wife,
Because I love you more than all the world,
And so without you all the world is nothing.

(VIOLA *sinks into a chair, and* CASEMATE *draws another beside it. He holds her hands still.*)

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VIOLA (*dreamily*).
You say you love me more than all the world;
And I must stake all earthly happiness
Upon your simple word. Suppose my heart
Is given to another, and I am his
Because I love *him* more than all the world?
What will become of you, since you love *me*,
And so without me all the world is nothing?

CASEMATE (*slowly and in a hopeless way*).
If you should bid me go, I can but go,
And for the future, if you bid me go,
What do I care, for whom it holds no hope?

VIOLA (*smiling tenderly at him*).
Then take me—who am more than all the world!

(*He kisses her.*)

CASEMATE (*softly*)
My love has more strength to prevail than the ebb and the flow of the tide,
All the winds of the world shall suffice not to part us, nor floods to divide.
Dear, bring to my will for the winning your passionate will to be won,
And our path shall be fair as the sea-waves that laugh in the track of the sun.

VIOLA (*laughingly*).
Oh, poor, poor Mr. Sigh and Mr. Snaffle.

(*A knock is heard, and enter* SIGH, SNAFFLE, MAISIE, VERONICA, *and* MRS. STRICKLAND, *who looks rather astonished.* VIOLA *and* CASEMATE *have slid apart.* SIGH *and* SNAFFLE *begin to talk at once, excitedly and interrupting one another.*)

SIGH (*very conscious of his awkward position*).
Miss Strickland, I proposed to you,
And sang my love intensely.

SNAFFLE (*bursting in on* Sigh's *remarks*).
With earnest tears in either eye,
I went and did the same as Sigh.

SIGH (*plaintively*).
And now, I grieve to state, we two
Regret it most immensely.

SNAFFLE.
Behold me pledged to wed Miss Vane,
Since her alone I'm mashed on.

SIGH.
Though I would shrink to cause you grief

(*As* VIOLA *stifles her amusement in a handkerchief.*)

Nay—furl that pocket-handkerchief—
I am—to make the matter plain—
Contracted to Miss Ashton.

VIOLA (*kindly*).
Dear friends, I am engaged to Mr. Casemate.

MRS. STRICKLAND.
Oh, darling! oh, Veronica! oh, Maisie!

(*She kisses them. They kiss one another. The men shake one another by the hand.*)

SNAFFLE (*advancing to centre of stage.*)
We're beastly jolly happy, and I know *I* want to shout,
And so: Three cheers for Viola, who brought it all about.
Hip, hip——

ALL (*except* VIOLA). Hurrah!
SNAFFLE. Hip, hip——
ALL (*except* VIOLA). Hurrah!!
SNAFFLE. Hip, hip——
ALL (*except* VIOLA). Hurrah!!!

[CURTAIN.]

MEMORIES.

Not long ago, two years ago,
I thought she was the world to me.
I had no thought that I could be
Happy without her, not caring about her,
Two years ago.

Not long ago, two years ago,
I thought I was the world to her.
One day—if memory does not err—
One stolen kiss she did not miss
Two years ago.

Not long ago, two days ago,
I saw her marriage in the paper.
"Poor Jack! so he could not escape her!"
For him, not me, my sympathy,
Two days ago.

S. M.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is always Pleased to Purchase True Real Life Romances Five Hundred Words in Length.

The Orchard Thief.

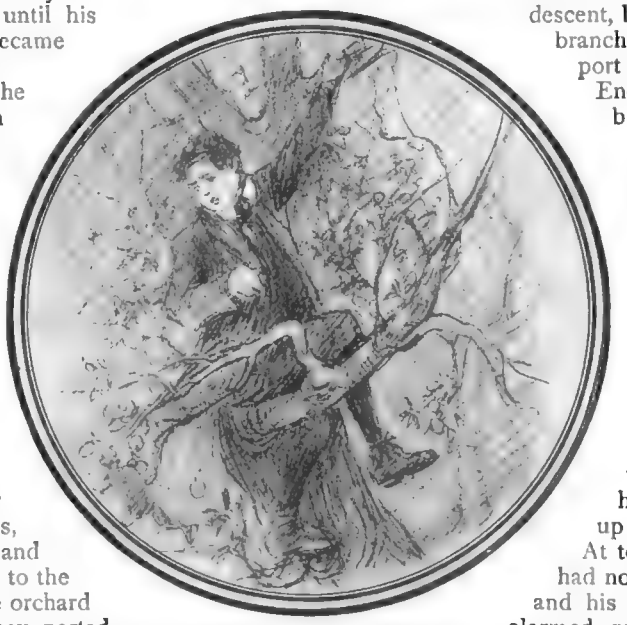
THE STORY OF A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

ST. HUBERT'S LODGE, Croydon, has a fine orchard, and the schoolboys who daily passed its walls looked longingly at the red-cheeked apples, so near and yet so far, nestling among the glossy leaves behind the orchard wall. To none was the sight more tantalising than to Willie Roberts, who never passed that way without stopping and devouring with his eyes the ripe, rosy fruit, until his desire for it became almost a passion.

One evening he slipped away from home, and, with four or five confederates, made his way cautiously to the orchard, each boy with a dark and deep design in his brain.

The road was deserted, and at a signal from their leader they, after one or two attempts, climbed the wall, and dropped down on to the long grass of the orchard inside. Here they parted, each climbing a separate tree. Willie's looked very dark and shadowy as he stood beneath it with beating heart, but he could see the myriads of dark lumps among the leaves, which he knew were rosy-cheeked apples in the daytime, and pulling himself up by the branches, was soon busy tearing off the apples and thrusting them into the big pocket, lining the whole of his jacket, a cunning receptacle possessed by each of the boys.

He was an expert climber, and pushed his way up higher and higher in the tree, hearing all round him the thuds of the ripest apples dropping on the ground as the trees were shaken by the movements of the boys.



Encumbered by his booty, paralysed with fear, he hung on where he was.

All of a sudden a bright light from a lantern shone into the orchard. There was a desperate sound of scuffling and scrambling as the little thieves dropped from the branches and took to their heels over the wall again, and were soon scuttling home as fast as they could; all but Willie Roberts, who, alarmed like the rest, had thrust his foot down in the darkness to begin a hurried descent, but could find no branch beneath to support him.

Encumbered by his booty, paralysed with fear, he hung on where he was, until the person who carried the lantern—one of the maids from the house—thinking she had got rid of all the orchard pilferers, returned to the house and locked up for the night. At ten o'clock Willie had not returned home, and his father becoming alarmed reported his loss to the police, and the district was searched.

But it was not till two in the morning that, through a hint let fall by one of his confederates, the orchard was visited, and there on the top of the largest apple tree the lanterns were turned on Willie Roberts, still clinging to his perilous position, with more than one hundred stolen apples in his jacket-lining. Ladders were procured, and he was lifted down, and next day at the police-court he wept bitterly and clung to his father's neck. The slight punishment he received was nothing compared with his sufferings in the apple tree; and Willie Roberts will certainly never rob an orchard again.

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The Diamond Ring.

THE ROMANCE OF A THEFT.

MRS. WARD, of Galesburg, U.S.A., had lost a diamond ring. She was confident that the ring had been lying on her dressing-table amongst others; but when she went to her bedroom she discovered that it had disappeared from the stand. Every corner of the room was carefully searched, furniture was removed, but without result. Then the servants were called and carefully questioned. In fact, no one escaped cross-examination except the little child of the house, who looked on with wide eyes, whilst she hugged a patient kitten in her arms.

Suspicion finally fell on the boot-boy. It was proved that he had been engaged on the same afternoon on which the ring was missed cleaning the windows in the bedroom. Everyone in the house now believed that the boy must be the thief. Nobody ever dreamt that the little child with the kitten, could she have understood what all the commotion was about, could have told a very different tale.

There, firmly fixed on the cat's tail, and embedded partly in the flesh, sparkled—the diamond ring.

The doings of that afternoon had slipped away entirely from the child's mind; how she had been romping and playing with the kitten in her mother's bedroom; how she had taken one of the pretty rings from the stand; and how all of a sudden in some mysterious fashion the kitten had run off with the ring; and how she had pursued the naughty kitten and when she had caught it had entirely forgotten the main reason of the chase.

So now the boot-boy had to face the charge. It was beyond gainsaying that he was the last one seen in the bedroom before the ring was stolen. The magistrates were fully satisfied on this point. The only part that perplexed them was where the boy had hidden the ring. His belongings had been thoroughly searched without affording a trace of evidence. But then a ring was a small object, the magistrates may have argued, and the boy, frightened at the consequences that would follow should the ring be discovered on him, might easily have thrown it away. At any rate the Court, despite the earnest protests of the lad that he was innocent, ordered him to be sent to the State reformatory.

To all appearances this ended the mystery of the ring. Meanwhile the months went by and the child grew, but not so quickly as the kitten, whose mysterious running away with the ring had occasioned such misfortune to the boot-boy.

One day, nearly two years after the ring had been lost, a friend, who was staying at the Wards' house, happened to be playing with the cat. Something hard and rough attached to the animal's tail caused the visitor to pull back the long fur and to seek for the cause. There, firmly fixed on the cat's tail, and embedded partly in the flesh, sparkled—the diamond ring.

* * * * *

Little more remains to be told. The discovery of the ring in the strange hiding-place proved at once the innocence of the boot-boy, who was released from the reformatory. It was quickly surmised that the little child must have slipped the ring on the cat's tail when it was a kitten. Thus in the security of its long fur the cat had carried the ring before the eyes of the whole family for nearly two years.

Thus is shown the very slight importance of circumstantial evidence.

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The Street Singer.

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST-END.

THIS is the story of Mirzka Gynt. Last August he was half starving in the streets of London. To-day he is in America, and if the opinion of experts does not err, on the high road to fame and fortune.

Such is the outline of the great change that came so suddenly in the life of Mirzka Gynt. And now must be told the occurrences which caused all this to happen.

Sixteen years of life, a dozen of which had been spent in his native land of Poland, and the remainder in the East-end of London, had not impressed young Mirzka Gynt with the happiest ideas of the world. London is a dismal enough place in the West-end without money, but in the East-end it is indescribably worse. This the boy quickly found, and the few coppers that he picked up daily by holding a horse's head, or in running odd messages, barely sufficed to keep him from starvation.

When night had come and men were sitting drinking in the public-h use, the boy stood outside and sang.

One day he learnt a song, and when night had come, and men were sitting drinking in the public-house, the boy stood outside and sang. To his joy, more coppers came to him in this way than ever he had made at other jobs. So he learnt another song, little dreaming the while that as he did so he was carving the first rung in the ladder that might lead on to fame.

And now must be introduced the ruling deity of all romances—the good Dame Fortune. In this case her instruments were Miss Alice Lloyd, a New York lawyer, Mr. George Leventhrit, and Mr. Jack Goodson, a well-known music-hall agent. The party had decided to pay a visit to the East-end. They had just left Whitechapel Road, and had entered Middlesex Street, when in the distance they heard the sound of song, sung by a voice that caused them to pause instinctively in admiration, and listen. "Why do they ask you if I love you?" Who could be singing in such a poor street, and with a voice like that, too? The three listeners looked at one another questioningly. Then with a flash of enlightenment it occurred to them that this must be the gramophone record of some celebrated opera singer.

Continuing their way, the party drew near to a public-house. It was from there that the beautiful voice was issuing. On the doorstep without stood a boy. He was poorly clad, but he was singing, as one of the enraptured listeners expressed it, divinely. It seemed incongruous that such a voice should be allowed to waste itself in the streets, when, with help, it might be worth a fortune to the owner on the opera stage.

This was the thought that came to all the party, and it resulted in the three explorers returning with the boy with the voice, whose head was swimming with a vision of prospects that seemed too good almost to be true.

Within a week, by the kindness of his patrons, Mirzka Gynt was working hard learning how to read music. He was no longer hungry and badly dressed. Instead, if all his new-found friends had told him proved true (and he could not doubt their words), in a short while he would be on his way to America, there to sing his "songs of the streets," and others that he was learning, and to receive two hundred dollars a week—*he*, Mirzka Gynt, who had in the past sung a score of songs for sixpence.

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How the Reconciliation Came.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE.

IT was not unnatural that Ebenezer S. Draper, millionaire, cotton manufacturer, and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, should expect his son to marry well. To marry well, of course, meant in the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor to marry riches; thus, at least, had Bristow Draper, who was expected to accomplish this end, summed up his father's ambition.

The desirable heiress, rich in her own right, and with prospects of more wealth to come, was introduced to the young man. But what was she compared with the little chorus girl who nightly appeared in *The Catch of the Season?* So young Bristow Draper thought, and the more he thought the more determined he became to marry no one but this little chorus girl.

Before their engagement he told the girl that his father was urging him to marry a certain rich heiress, and that he would never give his consent to the marriage. So they kept their engagement a secret, and not until they were married some months later in New York did the Lieutenant-Governor receive a letter from his son, telling briefly that he had married Queenie Sanford, the chorus girl.

Finally however, he wrote a letter to his father.

The father was furious. His son had deceived him. He had actually been engaged for months, and had never breathed a word of the affair to him! Worse, he had ignored his own father's wishes! Then, having done so, he should suffer!

The Lieutenant-Governor took a pen and with calm deliberation indited his reply. He would teach the young fool a lesson!

Bristow Draper received the letter, read, and smiled as he saw expressed exactly what he had expected. His father had disowned him.

Henceforth a great change came in the life of Bristow Draper. From spending a dollar as if it were a cent, he had now to learn to regard a cent as if it had been a dollar. But he was happy, even though the cottage that he took in Vermont was small and humble. He was too proud to apply to his friends for work, so it came about that he, who should have been one of the heads of a huge cotton mill, accepted in one the post of a labourer.

Thus a year passed, and the millionaire's son marvelled to think that he had succeeded in keeping himself and his wife, and a house above their heads, all on seven-and-a-half dollars a week. Finally, however, he wrote a letter to his father.

Meanwhile we must turn from the humble cottage to the mansion of the Lieutenant-Governor. His anger had not abated with time. What he had written, he had written. Not one cent of his wealth should his son have! A letter arrived for the old man. He glared at the envelope. Ha! at last the boy had written—short of money, no doubt! Well, he might——

The Lieutenant-Governor paced the room.

"Didn't ask for money—merely thought it was his duty to let his father know that he was grandfather to a fine, healthy boy. Duty, should think *it was!* Wonder whom the baby is like. Didn't say *my grandchild* shouldn't have my money!"

Thus we can imagine the Lieutenant-Governor's thoughts. At any rate the news resulted in an invitation being sent to the humble cottage, and in the end, at the sight of his little grandson, a complete reconciliation.

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Picture Paragraphs.

Readers are Invited to Submit Photographs Suitable for Use in this Feature. Accepted Pictures are Paid for Liberally. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Photo *J. M. Bathgate.*

An excellent piece of snow sculpture by three clever children.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

SELDOM is it the good fortune of a naturalist-photographer to have his many pains rewarded by so excellent and interesting a photograph as the one below.

It represents a quarrel between a magpie and a squirrel. Squirrels are the bitter enemies of magpies, destroying their nests and attacking their young. In this instance, however, Mother Magpie has arrived in time to interfere with the squirrel's plans.

The most untiring patience is necessary to obtain a photograph of a bird on or near its nest. Frequently the photographer has to establish his camera days before, and operate it eventually with a pneumatic release, the tube of which is sometimes of enormous length, so that the bird may not be alarmed.

A splendid photograph of a magpie and a squirrel quarrelling. The squirrel is a bitter foe of the magpie, destroys its nest, and attacks its young.

SNOW SCULPTURE.

MANY people build, or attempt to build, snow men—when there is any snow. Some try their 'prentice hands at statuary; few attain to the triumphant success which has attended the talented children in the illustration who are seen standing in modest pride by their remarkable *chef d'œuvre.*

Verily, it is a wonderful animal. Eerie as the peculiar beasts which guard Cleopatra's Needle, it faces us, couchant, immovable, grim. Who would think that it was, after all, but a here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow creature, doomed at the first thaw?

Its clever creators, with nothing handier than the common-place shovel to assist them, hacked and hewed and patted and smoothed it out of the virgin snow. After long, if enjoyable labour, it commenced to take on a recognisable exterior. Here a leg gloomed from the hitherto formless mass. Now its tail began to take shape, and lastly they gouged its intelligent eyes.

At length they had completed one of the most remarkable beasts ever seen.

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FANCY-WORK BY THE BERSAGLIERI.

"ARE you ready? Scramble!" might very well be the command given by the mounted officer to his men in the face of the formidable obstacle before them. Certainly he himself would necessarily be left behind unless he footed it with the rest and had his horse passed up from hand to hand.

Little accomplishments such as the feat portrayed are part of the stock-in-trade of the Bersaglieri. It hurts the feelings of one of these gallant men to get to his objective by a straight road. He sheds a tear if there are no mountain ranges, bridgeless rivers, or other difficulties in the way.

Only the pick of the recruits of the Italian army go into this celebrated corps, and selection for it is considered a high honour. The men wear a gorgeous plumed head dress something like a cavalier hat, and have a marching step of their very own. They are fine fellows to a man, and the pride of Italy.

Italian popular songs have these excellent soldiers for a theme. The translation of the refrain of one runs:

> My sweetheart is as brave as a lion,
> They have made him a Bersaglieri.

There is no doubt that any enemy of Italy would find the Bersaglieri a hard nut to crack. For if there were dreadful walls to scale, the Bersaglieri would scale them; obstacles would only make them laugh, and failing any other method they would jump lightly over the opposing phalanx and attack it from the rear.

The Bersaglieri going through some of their fantastic training exercises. Thanks to these their gymnastic ability is almost equal to an acrobat's.

Photo *Knikar.*

These two men are not bricked up in a vault. They are merely inside a partially inflated balloon.

WHAT IS IT?

NOT one person in ten would guess correctly the precise environment of these two men. Some would say they were in a tiled dairy, others that they were bricked up in a vault.

As a matter of fact, they are inside a partially inflated balloon. The slack of the gas envelope forms what looks like a badly-laid carpet, on which one of the men is kneeling. Needless to say, they are in an air balloon, and are not breathing an atmosphere of hydrogen or coal gas.

The picture was exceedingly difficult to obtain, as the lighting conditions within the envelope are not ideal for the purposes of photography.

Though people have been photographed in many extraordinary places—on high buildings, mountain tops, in lions' cages, and various other eccentric spots, surely few besides the two men in the illustration have had their portraits taken within the envelope of a balloon.

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"On trust!" Mrs. Parkes, a member of the National Mouse Club, a mouse, and a fox terrier which would rather give up biscuits than kill it.

ART VERSUS NATURE.

KEEPING MICE, RATS, DOGS, AND CATS ALL UNDER ONE ROOF.

IN this our realm of England exists a National Mouse Club. And, strange, unaccountable fact, more than half the members of the institution are ladies.

One of the members, the lady whose portrait appears above, is Mrs. Parkes, and if she is a type of all the rest, they are indeed a gathering of enthusiasts.

At Mrs. Parkes' home in Chelsea there dwell with her a hundred mice, forty rats, two fox terriers, and several cats.

In a special apartment there are dozens of little wire cages containing rats and mice, and so numerous are these cages that they extend almost to the ceiling. The fox terriers and the cats dwell on the floor.

One of the rats is a large black and white one and the most valuable of the collection. It rejoices in the name of Champion Worcester China, and is worth £50. Having been exhibited at five shows, he has gained five first prizes and the Peace Challenge Cup.

Mrs. Parkes has various types of rats, including Aganti, Irish, brown, semi-wild, and black specimens. They are fed as follows: Breakfast, 9 a.m., parrot mixture, oats, and hemp. Dinner, 6 p.m., bread and milk, and oats. Strangely enough, in spite of all these, mice have a stronger hold on Mrs. Parkes' affections than rats. She possesses numerous varieties of mice, and loves them all.

The cats, instead of preying upon the mice, act as their protectors in time of tribulation.

Once a dozen or so mice escaped from their cages in the night, and in the morning Mrs. Parkes saw Lord Roberts, her beautiful orange-coloured cat, keeping watch like a sheep-dog over the fugitives, whom he had driven into a corner and penned in.

Surely the day cannot be far off when the lion will lie down with the lamb. But, stay! Supposing Lord Roberts were choosing which mouse to begin with, and had not decided before the arrival of Mrs. Parkes?

It is remarkable how use and custom will reform the fierce predatory instincts of animals, and induce them to live in harmony instead of preying on one another.

Mrs. Parkes is to be congratulated on the great influence she has over her cats and other pets; few people could have attained such extraordinary and striking results as she has done.

"Lord Roberts," the cat, and his little friends.

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Swinging from a 90-ton derrick above the 31st floor of the Metropolitan Building.

MEN WITHOUT NERVES.

INCIDENTS IN SKYSCRAPER BUILDING.

MANY of the inhabitants of London have no doubt marvelled at the cool, unruffled air of workmen engaged in building or house-breaking operations, when watching them, it may be, wander along the edge of a wall at the top of a roofless building or doing similarly uncanny things.

But what shall we say of the American workman employed in the construction of thirty and forty storey steel frame skyscrapers? Surely he must be without nerves altogether, or he could not follow his exciting avocation for a day.

The illustrations on this page give some idea of the giddy heights at which work has to be done in the United States. Though the first two men are, perhaps, occupying their insecure positions for the sake of making a breathless photograph, the third is only doing what is necessary in the building operations on which he is engaged. Poised on the extreme edge of the steel frame construction on the thirty-first storey of a skyscraper, he is calmly holding a plumb-line to determine whether the steel column which supports him is perpendicular.

Perhaps the most daring pose of all is that of the central individual. Nothing on earth could save him if he became dizzy for a moment. Yet he need not be there, only he is a photographer, and he wants a sensational picture.

We may be thankful that in this country, whether owing to the smaller altitude of the buildings, or from greater caution on the part of the men, the mortality among workmen is less than in the United States.

Yet nevertheless, it may well be that these grim tests of head and eye will make for the improvement of mankind at large and so ultimately result in a stern, steely-nerved race of imperturbable giants whom nothing can affray.

In the meantime the majority of mankind will give thanks that they are permitted to be not doers of these deeds but spectators only.

For the sake of a striking picture. The daring effort of a New York photographer to get an unusual view of the top of the city.

Stereograph Copyright *Underwood & Underwood, London.*

Plumbing a steel column from the 31st storey to the pavement 400 feet below, New York City. Men with unsteady nerves will please not apply for the job.

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THE WELL-DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

The Story of a Rapid Courtship.

By G. B. Burgin.

I.

It was in the Presbyterian church that Aylmer Chase first became obtrusively conscious of the Well-Digger's daughter. It may be as well to explain that the Well-Digger himself, though he does not enter into this story of the Canadian wilds, was no ordinary well-digger, but an aristocrat who bored artesian wells by the aid of fearsome machine devils with penetrating points.

When the Well-Digger struck water on people's land, he was paid for it; when he failed to strike water, he packed up his "machine devils," as the habitants called them, and went sorrowfully somewhere else, while his wife and beautiful daughter mixed in the very best society and wore frocks which sometimes caused the mother, who was a very handsome woman, to be mistaken for her daughter.

For the fifth time on this particularly hot Sunday morning the white-haired clergyman had said: "And then again I would remark in passing." Like the passing of King Arthur, however, his sermon took time. The day was oppressively hot, and Aylmer Chase, with half-shut eyes, found his thoughts jogging to the rhythm of:

"Do not shoot at the preach-er,
Do not shoot at the preach-er,
Do not shoot at the preach-er,
For he is doing his best."

A striped chipmunk climbed the vines outside the church, entered the open window, sat up, and deliberately washed his face in the presence of the congregation.

Chase was conscious of a rippling little, half-checked laugh from the pew immediately opposite him, and saw the pearly teeth and rosy lips of the Well-Digger's daughter parted in a smile.

The clergyman was manifestly offended by the chipmunk. "And again I would remark in passing," he said, with a strong Aberdonian accent, "when we are baked in the ovan of advairsitee——"

The chipmunk made a sudden spring and gracefully alighted upon the fluffy locks of the Well-Digger's daughter.

"Lo! a sign, a chosen handmaiden of the Lord," said the preacher, as the chipmunk, hopelessly entangled in the fair tresses, looked despairingly round.

Then Chase (who was a shy man) did a bold thing. He walked across to the wriggling maiden, put his hand in her fair hair, and drew forth the chipmunk, whose sharp little teeth met in his finger.

Chase, muttering something under his breath (the Well-Digger's daughter alone knew that it began with the fourth letter of

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the alphabet) carefully put the chipmunk up on the window ledge and precipitated it into space, while an undisguised giggle rippled over to him from "the chosen handmaid of the Lord."

Chase, the younger son of a noble house, abandoning all the ancestral traditions of his family, had come out from England to farm in Canada. His farming, although it was exactly a week old, had aged him several years, for, in a fit of youthful enthusiasm, and blinded by the blandishments of the outgoing farmer, who stated that by plucking the live geese three times a year he could realise sixty cents a pound for their feathers, he had agreed to take over the livestock of his predecessor. Unfortunately, he had not noticed that the geese were mixed, some tame, some wild; and morning, noon, and night his time was taken up in separating the tame gander from the wild one.

They put in twelve hours' steady fighting a day, and Chase, like most umpires, was occasionally attacked by them both when they were tired of fighting each other. Hence, it was rather an agreeable change for him to be bitten by a chipmunk instead of a goose. When the Benediction was given, he looked down at his finger and found the blood running from it. Also, his handkerchief was not in his pocket.

Full of agony lest the congregation should notice his plight, Chase hurried out of church and had gained the sidewalk before he was aware of light footsteps in pursuit. Had he dared, he would have fled the faster. But he did not dare. His heart beat strangely as he stopped round the corner under a spreading maple. The next moment he was joined by a vision of beauty, panting, glowing, her eyes sparkling with pity and mischief combined. "Come with me," she said, swiftly leading the way. "Come into the bush."

Full of bewilderment, Chase followed her into the cool shadows of the pines. Through the tree-trunks the waters of the Ottawa sparkled deliciously. A squirrel chattered angrily at them from one of the tall trees—their footsteps made no sound upon the carpet of soft pine needles.

When they were hidden from the road, from the whole wide world, the Well-Digger's daughter stopped and looked the black-haired, blue-eyed young Englishman in the face. "I've done for myself," she said, with a low, sweet ripple of laughter. "Guess I've done it this time. Jim Beavan will never speak to me again."

Chase was so overwhelmed by her bewildering loveliness that he could only gasp up at the squirrel. She had followed him. She, the girl whose loveliness he had been told drew even an admiring crowd of wasps from the roof of the church when the stove was lighted for the first time in winter, had followed him. He gradually, fearfully, timidly, permitted his eyes to meet hers, and blushed through his tan.

He had never seen so lovely a girl. He thought with a thrill of delight that her head would just reach to his heart, that heart which beat like a sledgehammer. Her eyes were blue—blue as heaven; and she had one of those delicious roses and cream complexions so rarely seen in hot countries. His right arm curved with desire to surround so trim a waist.

He was a lonely young man whose life was embittered by the constant fighting, not of wild beasts at Ephesus, but something much worse, wild and tame geese of Canada—a young man who had not spoken to a soul for a week except his "hired man." And here stood this daintily-clad vision of supreme loveliness looking at him, her red lips parted in a mischievous smile, her eyes dancing with delight. "Say," she said, "how many thousand years longer are you going to stand looking at me?"

"Make it millions," he implored, scarcely daring to believe that these impassioned accents came from himself. "Make it millions! I could look at you for ever."

Gradually the mischief faded out of her eyes, the smile from her lips. No man's eyes had ever looked into hers as his did now. "My! And I thought all Englishmen were shy," she said, bewildered in her turn. "I came to tie up your hand because you hadn't a handkerchief. Did the little beast bite hard?"

"Yes. No. I don't know," he said incoherently. "I'd have bitten anyone who tried to take me away from you if I'd been a chipmunk. Of course I'm shy. Don't you see I—I daren't even look at you."

"I—I hadn't noticed it," she said; and her blush was a revelation to him. "For a blind man, you seem to—to use your eyes pretty well."

"You would make even a blind man see," he said fervently.

The Well-Digger's daughter interrupted him hastily.

"Your finger's bleeding good and hard. Don't you want me to tie it up? That's why I brought you here."

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She held out a filmy, cobwebby lace handkerchief. Chase shook his head.

"Oh, if you don't want me to," she said, and turned away.

Chase followed her. "Don't go," he implored. "Please don't go. I—I didn't want to desecrate with my blood anything belonging to you."

"Oh, if that's all." She took his great, strong, well-shaped brown paw in her own lily-white hand. "If that's all——"

"It isn't all. It—you—it, I mean—Why, at the touch of your fingers there's a thrill gone all up my elbow and now it's running down into my heart."

She looked down at his hand as she deftly tied up his finger, and held him with long eyelashes which cast the sweetest of little shadows. He was so big and strong and fierce and shy and tender, and altogether unlike Jim Beavan, who smoked native tobacco, had a neck like a bull, and a voice like a bullfrog. Chase's voice was a caress in itself. For the first time in her life, this consummate flirt was abashed.

Though her touch had sent a thrill to his heart, his had promptly returned it to her. She stood dimpling, smiling, yet with a suspicion of trouble in the curve of her sweet lips.

"Good-bye," she said, and lingered a moment beneath the pines, her loosened hair falling in golden meshes around her.

Chase timidly stretched forth his hand, touched it, then reverently kissed his own fingers. She wondered as he turned away why he had not carried his audacity farther. He wore a most satisfactory moustache.

"Where are you going?" she faltered. "You Englishmen are always in such a hurry."

"I am going to catch that chipmunk," said Chase hotly. "Going to catch him before he gets too far away."

"W-why?"

"I want to thank him."

"For biting you?"

"Yes. And for getting into your hair. I'm going to train him to do it every Sunday. To touch your hair again, I'd cheerfully be bitten by a hundred thousand million chipmunks even though they all had teeth like sawmills."

She looked at him incredulously; the mischief came back to her eyes.

"You'd do this for me?"

"I would. I swear it," he said fervently.

"I don't think you need give yourself all that trouble," she said slowly.

Chase looked down. She would not accept his sacrifice of time, his offering of numberless bites from innumerable chipmunks. She did not care. She—he dug his heel into the ground and began to untie the handkerchief.

"Don't do that," she said hastily. "You don't understand. Are all Englishmen as thick-witted as you are?"

"I—don't understand?"

"No, you don't understand."

"Oh, yes, I do. It is you who do not understand. If you had come from a far country, and had settled down without a friend in the world except your hired man, had spent your time in parting two ferocious old ganders, wouldn't your heart be sick within you if you had suddenly seen something so wonderful, so exquisite, so heavenly that you—you——"

"Well?"

"You wanted to see her all the rest of your life," he said lamely.

The Well-Digger's daughter laughed mockingly. "My! Is it as bad as all that?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "It is as bad as all that. Englishmen are slow and stupid in everything except when they love. When they love, their love is like the lightning flash which consumes everything before it."

The fervour of his blue eyes thrilled her with a strange delight. All her own little coquetries were forgotten. Hot, spicy odours from the pines stole over their bewildered senses. This was not a part of the ordinary world, but Eden Garden itself, and they were together in it.

He stretched forth his hand towards the golden, glowing masses of her hair, then suddenly bent his head. His long black moustache lightly, reverently, touched her lips; their eyes closed.

With a little cry, the Well-Digger's daughter freed herself from his encircling arm, and sped away through the serried aisles of the pines.

Aylmer Chase leant against the trunk of a pine, his fingers to his lips. "I kissed her," he said fervently. "Kissed her! If those old ganders had told me this morning when I parted them for the eleventh time that I should kiss a girl before the day was out, I would, in spite of the cost, have wrung their necks. And yet—" he again touched his lips. "And yet I've done it, I—kissed—her!"

The Well-Digger's daughter stood looking at her flushed cheeks in the glass. "There's going to be trouble with Jim," she said.

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"There's going to be trouble. I hate him; he's always bullying me, trying to make me marry him. But that Englishman! Why, he's heavenly, perfectly heavenly!" She looked at her dainty waist, at her lips. "He kissed my lips, he put his arm round my waist; and when I looked back that last time, he was kissing my handkerchief. His eyes are like violets And—and Jim is clean-shaved. If Jim only knew, he'd grow a moustache to-morrow"

"Dinner is ready, my daughter," sounded from below.

"Thank you, mother, I'm not hungry."

"Looks as if you'd had something you didn't expect on your way home from church," her mother pleasantly called back.

The eyes of the Well-Digger's daughter sparkled. "I—I had, mother," she said, with perfect truth. "Indeed, I had; and if you'd been there, you wouldn't have expected it either."

The hint was not lost on Mr. Beavan, and he advanced towards Chase with "blood in his eye."

II.

Mr. Jim Beavan called upon Chase a few evenings later. "See here," he said, with laborious politeness. "I have just dropped in to tell you if you don't let my girl alone, I'll break your neck."

Chase measured Mr. Beavan with a glance. He was as strong as a bull, and, like the heathen, raging furiously. "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"You may," said Mr. Beavan, with solemn scorn. "This object of thisyer visit is to tell you po-litely if you don't clear out of here I'll break your blanketty neck. That's the object of thisyer visit, and don't you forget it."

"Perhaps, as you are here, you would have the goodness to tell me why you want to break my neck?"

"You don't want no tellin'," said Mr. Beavan. "If you don't leave my girl alone, I'll break your neck."

Aylmer Chase offered Mr. Beavan a cigar and motioned him to sit down.

Mr. Beavan refused both the chair and the cigar, and glared ferociously at Chase. "If you don't leave my girl alone, I'll break your neck."

Chase considered. "Life's much too enjoyable for me to let anyone do that just now," he said slowly, as he lit his

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"Guess I've got all the *geese* I want," he said, as he picked up the dead bird.

cigar. "Isn't there any other way out of it?"

Mr. Beavan was contemptuous. "You're a darned coward," he said, with icy scorn. "I might have known it."

"Possibly. But perhaps, before you break my neck, you wouldn't mind telling me who the young lady is—the young lady of whom you speak with the delicacy of a wild Indian and the tenderness of a buffalo bull?"

"I don't want to name no names," said Mr. Beavan darkly.

"But I do." Chase threw himself comfortably back in his arm-chair. "You don't suppose, now that I've settled here, that I am going to remain single all my life?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," said Mr. Beavan, "'cept I see you walkin' last night with my girl in the bush with thisyer sort of loony look on your face." To his own great satisfaction, and Chase's intense disgust, he achieved a very fair imitation of the alleged "loony" look.

Chase considered. "Since I have been here," he said slowly, "I have had the felicity of meeting only one young lady, but that felicity was so great that I would give all I possess to do it constantly."

"You would, would you?" said Mr. Beavan angrily. "Durn your hide! You juss let me catch you takin' any more chipmunks out of my girl's hair, and——"

"You surely wouldn't expect them to remain there for an indefinite period?"

"That's my business, not yours," said Mr. Beavan majestically. "If I like 'em to stop there, you've no call to interfere."

"And if I do?"

"Your blood be on your own head," said Mr. Beavan, with all the solemnity of one who believed that he was quoting Scripture.

"That all?"

"For the present," said Mr. Beavan significantly. He rolled up his shirtsleeve and displayed his brawny arm. "You see this?"

"Don't be silly. How can I help seeing anything so unpleasant? Take it away. Do you mean that you want to fight me for the possession of this young lady whose name we do not wish to mention?"

"Fight you!" said Mr. Beavan in surprise. "No; I mean I'm goin' to break your neck if you don't clear out."

"That's just where we started," said Chase lazily.

"And it's just where we'll end." Mr.

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Beavan's blood was up. "Get up and I'll start on you right away."

"You won't wait until I've finished my cigar?"

"Not another moment," said Mr. Beavan.

Chase lazily got up and carefully put out his cigar. "I mustn't waste it," he explained. "Those infernal geese take up so much of my time that I can't attend to my work properly and make all the money I want to get new furniture."

The hint was not lost on Mr. Beavan, and he advanced towards Chase with "blood in his eye." Then, without knowing exactly how it happened, he found himself sprawling on the floor with Chase smiling down upon him.

"Hadn't you better get up?" Chase suggested.

Mr. Beavan got up and was about to make another bull-like rush at Chase when the latter stopped him. There was an ominous glitter in his blue eyes. "I suppose you want to fight me?"

"I want to break your blamed neck," ferociously repeated Mr. Beavan.

"And it suits me so well as it is that I've not the slightest intention of letting you do it," said Chase. "However, if you really want to fight——"

"Of course I want to fight. I've been tryin' to get that into your thick head all along," said Mr. Beavan.

"Very well, then." Chase reached up to the wall, took down a pair of rapiers. "Stop a moment." He opened a cupboard, and produced a box containing pistols. "Or would you prefer revolvers? I am afraid I have only one."

"What are all these blamed guns and things for?" asked the astonished Mr. Beavan.

"Why, for fighting, of course," Chase picked up a rapier, and made the blade whistle through the air. "This pistol's loaded. There goes that wild gander. It's expensive, but he's cost me a lot."

He fired and shot away the gander's head. "Or shall we draw lots for the revolver, winner to have first three shots and then hand it over to the loser?"

"I'm not goin' to have any more of thisyer murderin' foolishness," said Mr. Beavan, yet his tone was a little more respectful. "Come out in the open, and I'll break your blamed ——"

"If you say that again, I really shall have to hit you," said Chase, as Mr. Beavan put himself in an attitude of defence.

—"Neck," doggedly concluded Mr. Beavan, and rushed at Chase.

An earthquake struck him; he fell to earth like a poleaxed bull. When consciousness returned, Chase was throwing water over him, whilst the Well-Digger's daughter regarded him with blazing eyes.

"I told you if you said that again, I should *have* to hit you," said Chase.

"I thought it was a horse kicked me." Mr. Beavan drowsily closed his eyes, then sat up, and put his hand under his right jaw.

"How dare you take such liberties with my name?" said the Well-Digger's daughter. "You know very well that nothing would ever induce me to become engaged to you. And then you attack poor Mr. Chase. I told father all about it before I followed you over. He says if he has any more of your foolishness, he'll drop you down the next well he digs."

"It—it wasn't a horse, for sure?" said the incredulous Mr. Beavan, as, with Chase's assistance, he slowly regained his feet.

"No," said Chase, "it wasn't. I did it. Look here. If you're inclined to be friendly, I'll give you my wild geese, dead gander and all. If you're not satisfied—— "

"Not satisfied! Oh, I'm more than satisfied," protested Mr. Beavan. "Don't know when I've been so satisfied in all my life. If you've no objections, I'll take that dead goose right along. I don't feel quite equal to drivin' home the others."

He bowed to the Well-Digger's daughter with laboured politeness, and made the only ironical speech of his life. "Guess I've got all the *geese* I want," he said, as he picked up the dead bird. He turned to Chase. "You're welcome to that other."

"He meant me," said the Well-Digger's daughter pensively, as Mr. Beavan faded away in the gloaming.

Chase caught his breath a little. "You rushed over to save me from him?"

The Well-Digger's daughter blushed more becomingly than ever. "If he'd hurt you," she said, with fervour, "I'd have blown his head off."

"You darling!" cried the enraptured Chase, as he took away the pistol which she had picked up. "It's about ten minutes' walk to the minister's. I bought a license only yesterday. Can you—will you?"

"I—I can, and I will," admitted the Well-Digger's daughter. "I have been wearing this frock for the last three evenings in view of such a——"

But she was never permitted to finish the sentence!

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A Railway Station Reverie

"Whatever did that porter say?—
Come, come, now, let me see;
I think the train was five-fifteen,
The platform number three.

"Of course, that's right—at least, I think—
In fact, it must have been;
Though if the train went at three-five,
The platform was fifteen.

"I wonder what he really said—
I'll have to look alive;
Perhaps the train was fifteen-three,
The platform number five.

"Or, was the train at three-fifteen?—
I think it must be so;
Unless it was at five-fifteen,
But, really, I don't know.

"I've wandered up and down for hours,
And thought, and thought in vain;
There's only one thing I can do,
I'll have to ask again.

"Oh! porter, I've forgotten quite
About my train, you know.
The porter said, 'I'm sorry, sir,
It went an hour ago.'"

Herbert J. Brandon.

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Courtesies of the Season

The Story of a Queer Coincidence.

By Leslie Thomas.

In humorous moments Mr. Robert Anderson was wont to refer to himself as either "a collector of odds and ends," or "a picker-up of unconsidered trifles." Not to be outdone by these sallies, Mr. James Piper would retort that he "specialised in locks and bolts, and could hardly ever resist the temptation to examine the mechanism of unfamiliar specimens." As a matter of fact, a blunt individual would have described their profession in one comprehensive word.

"Bob," said Mr. Piper one evening, "I wanted to ask you something. One of these days when you're out on—er—business, and see a really tasty article, just slip it in your bag for me, will you?"

Mr. Anderson snorted.

"No; keep calm. You see my argument? It 'ud seem more valuable if I thought you'd run the risk of hard labour in getting it. Besides, you know the time o' year—Christmas next week. You've never given me a Christmas present, Bob."

Mr. Anderson looked him slowly up and down; then his features relaxed into a smile.

"I could easily get annoyed with you. I do think you might express yourself more delicately. All right, though; I'll agree—if you'll do the same for me."

"Like a shot!"

"I've really knocked off work before Christmas," added Mr. Anderson thoughtfully; "but I daresay I can manage another job. Let's see: Monday and Tuesday I'm busy; Wednesday I'll do it. I think you said you'd be out of town that night?"

"Yes; but what's it matter? You needn't bring the present round to me, you know. Just send it on so as to reach me before Christmas."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that exactly," said Mr. Anderson slowly. "Er—well—and you'll do likewise?"

"Barring accidents—and the police force," assented Mr. Piper humorously, "my offering will arrive on Christmas Eve. Well, now I must tear myself away. I rely upon your good taste, Bob, to receive something quite out of the common."

He departed gravely, but, once outside, allowed a series of delighted chuckles to escape him.

"Ha! ha! I've been longing to take him down a peg or two, and now's my chance. A great idea of mine, that was. I knew he'd ask me to give him something in return. He little thinks I'm going to take it out of his own dining-room! Why, I'd give the world to see his face when he opens the parcel." He guffawed. "And he's going to break in somewhere on purpose for mine. He may get caught, too. It's killing, absolutely killing!"

Meantime, Mr. Anderson, having seen his visitor safely off the premises, sat down,

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They regarded each other awkwardly. Mr. Piper slipped his bag behind him.

smiling broadly, to consider a scheme which had suddenly entered his head.

"Out of town on Wednesday night, is he?" he deliberated amusedly. "Then that'll be a very good time to pay a visit to his place!"

* * * * *

The evening duly arrived, and Mr. Piper, engaged in placing various implements of curious shape in his breast-pocket, could hardly subdue his mirth.

"'Going out of town,' I said, didn't I?" he reflected cheerfully, as he prepared to depart. "That would have thrown him off the scent, even if he'd ever suspected."

As he opened the front door, he saw that a thick fog made even adjacent objects invisible. Yet Mr. Piper was naturally cautious.

"I'll go the longer way round," he decided; "not by the main road. Then I'm not likely to meet a soul. By Jove! this is the sort of weather I like!"

The journey proved uneventful, and soon he found himself outside Mr. Anderson's house. He listened attentively, but, hearing no suspicious sounds, pushed open the gate and tiptoed round to the side entrance. This was secured by a chain, but such a precaution was no obstacle to a gentleman of Mr. Piper's varied experience, and soon he was stealthily approaching the scullery.

He flashed a little electric torch as he entered the dining-room, and by its light soon discovered the object he had in mind—a massive silver jug. Drawing a poultry basket from his tail pocket, he unrolled it, dropping the jug inside, and adding a newspaper by way of packing.

The house was still silent and undisturbed when he departed, considerately locking the back door from the outside and pushing the key under the mat.

He reached the street in safety, and set off for his own house—which, by a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Anderson was leaving almost at that same moment. The latter carried a brown-paper parcel under his arm, and his amusement equalled Mr. Piper's own.

Thus it happened that, five minutes later, progressing slowly in the fog, each heard footsteps approaching, and each felt a trifle apprehensive. The suspicious nature of their burdens would be somewhat difficult to explain.

But Mr. Anderson's luck had never failed him yet, and, relying on this fact, he kept doggedly on. Turning a dark corner sharply, he ran into a shadowy figure.

"Pardon!" he said apologetically. "It's this beastly weather."

"By George!" thought Mr. Piper surprisedly. "I seem to know that voice. Yet it can't be—yes, it is! Hullo, Bob, old man!"

"Piper! Good gracious!"

They regarded each other awkwardly. Mr. Piper slipped his bag behind him.

"So you haven't gone out of town after all?"

"Hardly worth while, with the present cheerful state of the atmosphere," said Mr. Piper hurriedly. "I'm off home now." He suddenly remembered. "I say, have you managed that—that little affair?"

Mr. Anderson forced a wink. "What do *you* think!" And he tapped the parcel.

"Bravo! Do let's have a look at it."

"Oh, not till Christmas," Mr. Anderson reproved him. "It would take away half the—the surprise. When are you going to set about your part of the business?"

"It's almost as good as done," Mr. Piper assured him gravely. "But I mustn't stop. My—er—rheumatism's bad again. . . . Bye-bye!"

Still adroitly concealing the bag as he passed, he waved his hand, and disappeared.

"If he only knew!" chuckled Mr. Anderson ecstatically. "If he only knew!"

* * * * *

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When he reached home he lost no time in retiring to rest. The traces Mr. Piper had left behind him were not noticeable to a sleepy man. In the morning, however, he discovered them, and his rage knew no bounds. When Mr. Piper arrived—even a trifle more angry, perhaps—he was stamping up and down the kitchen.

"Hullo, Bob!" he growled. "Don't talk to me; I'm not in a fit state!" he spluttered in his wrath. "I—I've had *b—burglars* in!"

"Wha—at? You, too?" Mr. Piper half shrieked. "So've I! That's what I came round to tell you. Someone's broken into *my* place. Cut a whole pane out of the front window, if you please! What do you think of that, eh?"

"Disgraceful! Positively disgraceful! Look at this bolt of mine."

"What are the police doing? That's what I'd like to know!"

Mr. Anderson's expression of annoyance momentarily disappeared. He grinned. "Looking for you, perhaps," he suggested.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" returned Mr. Piper heatedly. "This isn't a matter for joking."

"What have they taken from your place? I can't see that anything of mine's gone, yet."

"A whole pile of stuff," declared the visitor, determined to exaggerate his woes. "Among it that marble clock I got from—well, never mind where. It's worth ten pounds of anybody's money. And now to think that some wretched amateur should have it—some miserable bungler who doesn't even know his business!"

"Amateur? Bungler?" echoed Mr. Anderson in a strained voice. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you ought to see the way the fellow got in! As clumsy a piece of work as I ever saw. Just my luck I was out! He must have made noise enough to wake the dead."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Anderson stiffly. "Let me tell you—I mean . . . what about the chap who came here? Left muddy footmarks all over the place, *he* did."

"Footmarks? Oh, nonsense! what are you talking about? I never—I was going to say, I never heard of such a thing." Mr. Piper seemed rather confused. "Well, I'm not going to put up with this outrage in silence, *I* can tell you! I'll get someone into trouble. I'll complain. I'll——"

"It's a pity you daren't go to the police-station," Mr. Anderson mused.

"Daren't I? I'll go inside it, see if I don't!"

"Oh, I shouldn't do that. The habit might grow on you."

"You may laugh now, but wait till you've found out what you've lost!"

He took his leave, vowing vengeance on innumerable persons unknown. As the door closed behind him, Mr. Anderson entered his dining-room, and took a bundle from a cupboard. Then he sat down in an armchair, and, gazing at the clock, laughed till he could laugh no more.

"This'll be the death o' me!" he gasped, wiping his eyes exhaustedly. "Talk about funny stories in papers——"

At that moment his glance lighted on the sideboard, and his face fell ludicrously.

"Hullo! Where's that jug o' mine? Blessed if it hasn't gone. What the dickens! Confound it all! How dare they, the scoundrels! Someone'll smart for this. Am I to be robbed in this absolutely barefaced fashion? It's positively scandalous!"

That night, in his revulsion of feeling against society in general, he broke into a large mansion upon which he had long had his eye.

* * * * *

At that moment his glance lighted on the sideboard, and his face fell ludicrously.

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By the end of the week he had quite forgotten about their agreement. The matter of the Christmas presents had slipped completely from his mind. It was not until, on Christmas Eve, he received by the morning post a parcel addressed in Mr. Piper's handwriting, that it suddenly recurred to him.

"I must get that clock out and send it off," he said to himself as he cut the string. "I wonder—*Wha-at's* this? Well, upon my——! Of all the——!"

He regarded his own silver jug with an expression of combined rage and amazement.

"So it was *he* that broke in here—picked my locks, and broke my bolts, was it?" he muttered slowly and menacingly. "H'm! Ve-ry smart! Ve-ry clever! *I'll* teach him a lesson, though!"

The corner of an envelope was sticking from the neck of the jug. He opened it impatiently.

DEAR BOB,

I promised to send you a Christmas present which I had acquired strictly in the course of "business." Here it is! No further explanation, I think, is necessary. You should really have the fastenings of your doors improved.

Yours, as ever,

J. P.

P.S.—I still await your return gift.

For some time Mr. Anderson sat gloomily regarding this epistle. He was bitterly disappointed, for his briliant joke had seemingly lost half its effect. True, he could send back Mr. Piper's clock, but this rejoinder was not, he thought savagely, sufficiently crushing.

Then suddenly he sprang up and rubbed his hands together.

"I'll have the last word yet," he chuckled. "There's still time."

* * * * *

On Christmas morning Mr. Piper found a letter beside his plate.

"Ah! from old Bob. Ha! ha! He'll never forgive me for the way I scored off him."

He slit the flap in leisurely fashion.

"His present to me can't be inside here, surely?" he muttered doubtfully. "No, no; there's no room. . . . Why, it's a card—a Christmas card he's sent me! Well, I don't call that playing the game. A letter, too. What has he got to say?"

DEAR JAMES,

Many thanks for returning my jug. In return, I have pleasure in keeping my promise. At least, I consider I have done so; it is for you to decide. I secured your nice marble clock——

Mr. Piper started and sprang to his feet, opening his mouth wide.

——but, being temporarily short of money, I have taken the liberty of borrowing it for a while. I'm sure you won't mind. You are so good-natured. Besides, you can regain possession of it whenever you feel disposed.

Please accept inclosed, with the compliments of the season.

From yours,

R.

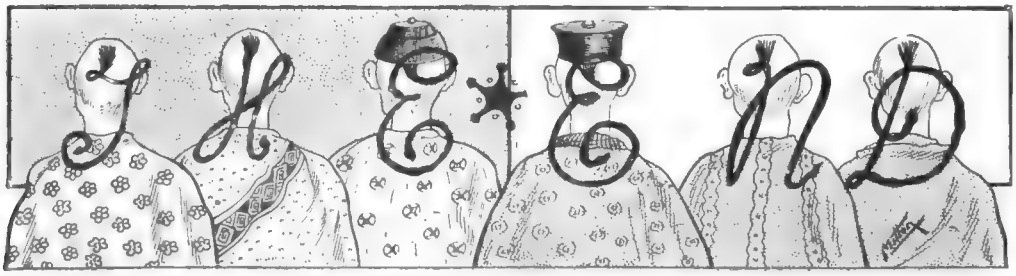
"But what does the fellow mean?" gasped Mr. Piper, when he had recovered his breath. "'Regain possession of it'? 'Accept inclosed'? . . ."

The Christmas card on its front page bore the message: "With Best Wishes." Mr. Piper opened it wonderingly, then banged the table with his clenched fist, glaring unutterable things.

Inside, on the blank space intended for the insertion of a photograph or view, was fixed a pawn-ticket, with the simple, concise inscription: "Clock—£2 10s."

Below this was written one singularly appropriate word.

"'*Souvenir*'?" read Mr. Piper, in a thick, unnatural voice. "'*Souvenir*'!"



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Mr. Wm. Burge.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XLVIII.—THE BROKEN SQUARE AT ABU KLEA.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. WM. BURGE, LATE GUARDS CAMEL REGIMENT.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

In 1884 an expedition under Lord Wolseley was dispatched to the relief of General Gordon, who was surrounded by Soudanese fanatics in Khartoum. He was to be relieved or rescued, and with this object the expedition was divided into two columns. One of these was called the desert column, and consisted principally of camel regiments. It started from Korti, and had to contend with every possible obstacle and discomfort—the heat of the desert, the lack of water, and, above all, forced marches against time, and ceaseless running fights with a brave enemy, who was in overwhelming force. These children of the desert were to distinguish themselves by accomplishing the apparently impossible—breaking a square composed of the finest troops in the British Army. The survivor who tells this story belonged to the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and served with the Guards Camel Regiment.

I WAS jogged and jolted on a camel's hump across the Bayuda Desert, by the solemn waters of the Nile, for something like two hundred miles. I made the return journey on a stretcher carried by natives, with my right foot and part of the ankle missing. I had done my share of marching and fighting, for the fuzzi-wuzzies had put me beyond the power of doing either for a long time. I can laugh at the artificial substitute now; but nearly a quarter of a century makes a vast difference to a man's point of view. The loss of the foot was a terrible thing at the time; but now, when I recall the battle of Abu Klea, I dwell more on its amazing brevity and fierceness, and the astounding daring of the Arabs, than on my own loss or suffering.

It is so strange to think of the black children of the desert, with only spears and rifles as their weapons, having the audacity, to say nothing of the pluck, to sweep across a vast plain of sand in the broad light of day, and hurl themselves against a British square so furiously that some of them actually got inside and planted their banners and shouted their prayers of victory. But they did not get out again.

The Guardsman on active service is very different from the Guardsman at home, and he is very wonderful indeed when you stick him on the hump of a camel, which is the most awkward and ill-conditioned beast you can tackle. Ride him once and you will never forget it; be bitten by him, and you will give his mouth a wide berth for ever.

I had left my bearskin and smart tunic and trousers far behind in England, and I was in the land of history, as I suppose it is, wearing a thin red serge jacket, brown riding-breeches with putties, and a helmet and pugaree which had been white; but I had dyed them brown with the help of mud and boiled bark stripped from trees. I was just about six feet high in those days, and, like the rest of the two hundred big fellows who were in the Guards Camel Regiment, looked an odd spectacle when perched in the saddle of a clumsy camel that was crossing the desert, and showed a wicked inclination to steer any way on earth except the right one.

There was the Heavy Camel Regiment, the Light Camel Regiment, and the Guards Camel Regiment. There were some Marines with the Guards, and they made a very fine mixture. The riding was rough and hard, but the clothing itself was not oppressive. The one thing that seemed to grow in weight and tightness—to grow in everything except grace—was the ammunition bandolier. The belt became a positive vice around your chest and shoulder in the course of a long, hot march—and all the desert marches were that.

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Arab guides and cavalry scouts headed the desert column which marched from Korti. They were commanded by a remarkable British officer, who could so cunningly disguise himself that it was impossible to tell whether he was a native or an Englishman. I often saw him walking about, and believed him to be a real son of the desert. It was Major Kitchener, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. The natives looked upon him as a god, and positively worshipped him.

Two thousand camels stretched out their necks into the hot air of the desert, and their ungainly legs moved swiftly as the thick, padded feet thudded softly in the yielding, glaring sand, and sent up a blinding, suffocating dust. It was a broad, mile-long column, and was perhaps the strangest fighting force that had ever been organised in connection with a British campaign. But no other animal was fit for the work, and it was pitiful to see how even the camels suffered, hardened though they were to desert work.

There were just over two thousand officers and men, under Sir Herbert Stewart. He was to march to Metemmeh, after resting the camels at Gakdul. At Abu Klea a post was to be established, and garrisoned by a few men of the Suffolk Regiment. General Stewart was then to return to Gakdul, and continue sending stores to Metemmeh. From Metemmeh a force, which included Lord Charles Beresford and some sailors, was to push on to Khartoum, to relieve or rescue General Gordon. There was no if or doubt in the matter. The thing was to be accomplished. Sinister reports from Khartoum came in from time to time, but General Gordon himself had sent a messenger saying that he was all right.

In high spirits we began the march; but the laughs and jokes became weaker and weaker as we got into the solitude of the desert, and began to understand the grim meaning of warfare with fanatics. The worst of all privations was the lack of water. We carried as much as we could, and it would have done for us on our meagre allowance of two pints a day; but the skin bags in which it was carried leaked badly, and the precious, priceless fluid was lost on the parching waste.

It was terrible to see the fierce struggling for a drink as soon as a so-called well was reached—a drink of a foul and muddy concoction which would make you ill to look at in ordinary times. I assure you that time after time, when I had filled a kettle with water from a well and boiled it, there was a deposit of at least two inches of mud and sand at the bottom of the vessel. Yet this sweet, sickly liquid was the most acceptable drink that ever man could have.

In the solitude of the desert we came abruptly upon a man and his wife and family tending some animals. The guides and scouts had them to deal with, and the commander of the guides and scouts was not the man to let a captive go. The prisoner was brought in, and proved to be a notorious hill thief, who had intercepted many messages from Khartoum. I daresay that some nations would have given him a short trial, and a quick volley, or good length of rope, but we kept him as a guide, and he remained with the British for many weeks. His wife and family were sent home, though where that was exactly I can't say. The Soudan is not a very homely place.

The camels that fell by the way had to be killed and left. Their bones soon became white on the desert sand; so also did the bodies of the enemies who fell. The vultures were always with us—and they are wonderful scavengers.

I do not know what mysterious force is at work in time of war to tell opponents that a fight is coming on; but that force was in operation in the Soudan. True, we constantly saw little bodies of the Arabs, but it was not supposed that they would have the courage to make a serious attack upon us. We were expecting to carry out our time-table without much serious opposition, and to end our journey at Khartoum.

We might, perhaps, have known better, because we had had previous experience of what a desperate fellow the fuzzi-wuzzi could be in time of intense excitement. He scorned death, encouraged it, in fact, because by way of death he could make sure of Paradise and everlasting joy. Nothing could be happier than to slay an infidel, and gain as a reward the delights of Heaven.

New Year's Day came and went, and we got into the middle of January and the heart of the enemy's country simultaneously. By day sometimes we saw the gleam of spears—cruel weapons, with heads like masons' trowels, which made the most ghastly and fatal wounds; and by night we listened to the hideous howls of the fuzzi-wuzzies and the thumping of their tom-toms. These primitive drums made a doleful and discouraging sound—and your melancholy fits were not helped away when you had the chance of a scorpion bite as a relish to the tune.

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We got to Abu Klea at last, burnt brown —some of us as black almost as the Soudanese; caked with the sand of the desert and dirt that could not be removed. There was no washing water, no shaving time even. There was a general belief in a coming fight, and a zareba was made.

We built it swiftly—a mere breastwork of mud, boxes, stones, brushwood, and branches, anything that came handy. The enemy had only rifles and spears, but they were at least five to one against us, and a rush would be an ugly thing. We all knew that, but I do not think there was one amongst us who anticipated for a single moment the disaster that actually happened; not one of us believed that the square could be broken. We expected that the Martinis and the field-guns and the Gardner would mow the fuzzi-wuzzies down, and make such barriers of their own dead that the advance would be impossible.

The zareba was a snug sort of refuge, and I was hoping that it would be my luck to remain in it; but I and about sixty more men were told off to spend the night in a mud hut to guard the wells. I never spent such an exciting night in my life, and may I be spared from ever knowing another like it. We were a little isolated band. The night, as usual, was bitterly cold, especially by comparison with the burning day, and all around us were the hordes of fanatics, thumping their tom-toms and howling, rousing themselves, I suppose, for the attack on the morrow. I dreaded an assault on the hut, but I think the enemy could not have known of our existence, for they might have swept down and annihilated us.

In the morning I went back to the zareba, and the fuzzi-wuzzies made ready to attack us.

The camels were in the centre—a huddled, groaning mass, a prominent target for the enemy's rifles; and the four sides were solid walls of the finest men in the British Navy and Army. At the rear were three guns of the Royal Artillery; in front was a Gardner; thrown out on each side were skirmishers. Mounted infantry was in readiness to pursue the foe when he began to fly.

A square mass of men and camels in the open desert; around it enormous bodies of Arabs, and the two forces on the point of hailing bullets into each other. That was the state of affairs on the morning of the 17th of January, 1885.

I looked around me and saw that the yellow desert and some little hills were alive with white and coloured-robed Arabs, that they were massed in their thousands, and were sweeping on towards the square. It was a tense and terrible strain, to watch them coming—an appallingly solemn sight. The chiefs amongst them were mounted, and many of the Arabs carried banners. The sun shone on the forest of spear-blades, and the quiet air was rent with the frantic shouts of the fanatics and the recital of their prayers.

On they came, ever getting nearer. Still, no shots were fired. Then, when their own small arms rattled out on the desert, our Martinis crackled and our Gardner ripped, while the field-guns of the Artillery flashed and sent their shells into the living, moving mass.

It was terrible yet fascinating to watch the enemy advance. They were led by men on horseback, and it seemed as if a solid wall of steel were coming irresistibly towards the square. Our fire was awful and destructive. You could see the Arabs falling; horses were shot, and flying banners were riddled with bullets.

"Aim lower, men, aim lower!"

That was the cry which came from our own officers as the fuzzi-wuzzies swept across the desert. We had been firing high, and many of our bullets had buried themselves harmlessly in the sand. Outside, some distance from the square, were camels that had been abandoned by the frightened drivers. Camels are stubborn beasts, and these had refused to obey their masters. They fell victims to the Arab spears. The skirmishers had rushed and tumbled in, and now it was a case of the square holding itself together till the battle was decided, reconciling itself to the fact that for some almost unendurable moments, at any rate, it must be made a target.

The sides of the square literally blazed with fire; the air was thick with flying bullets and deafening with the cries of man and beast. It was a furious and incredible turmoil in the desert, and all the more dreadful because it had come so suddenly. It was like an awful storm bursting on a calm sea.

There was a sudden cessation of one of the sounds—the Gardner had jammed, and a weapon which might have saved the square was useless. A quick-firing gun like that can do such a vast deal of havoc in such a brief time.

It is hard to tell you exactly what happened —the thing was so sudden, so overwhelming. It was all begun and finished in a few minutes. That makes the battle so amazing, so memorable. But I know that I went on firing steadily, and aiming as low as I could, because I

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wanted to stop some of the desperate, murderous fellows who were positively leaping towards us.

I saw the gleaming spears, and I knew what they were capable of doing. They were worse than bayonets, and almost as bad as shells when once they got to work. Those trowel-like tips of the long staffs are amongst the things I most vividly remember of Abu Klea.

Everybody was doing magnificently. The sailors, now that their gun was jammed—they were working the Gardner, under Lord Charles Beresford — were joining in the general firing, and making ready to receive the shock of the charge, which was inevitable.

Somehow, I cannot tell you quite how it was done, the rear rank of the Guards Camel Regiment was faced about, so that we were firing both in front and behind us. Indeed, we seemed to be blazing blindly at anything and everywhere, for the desert appeared to be alive with Arabs, all swooping on the square.

The weakest point of a square is considered to be the left corner, and it was to this part of the massed British force that the fuzzi-wuzzies rushed. We had mown them down by hundreds, yet they charged unchecked, and within what seemed only a period of seconds they had hurled themselves with furious shouts upon the square.

You know what it is to feel the rush of an ordinary crowd of people against you; how speedily you fall, how difficult it is to get upon your feet again. Picture the power of thousands of Arabs dashing upon you with all the ferocity of their warlike nature, bent on your destruction, and absolutely defying death.

How could the thin line of a square withstand such an attack? How could hundreds of men survive the shock of thousands?

The living avalanche swept on—and the square, at its weakest spot, collapsed. White man and black man mingled in a bloody struggle for the mastery.

Bayonets were plunged out and about—and some of them, to the everlasting shame of the makers, crumpled up like lead. Martinis flashed and cracked, and some of them did splendid service in stopping rushes; but there were others which were as useless as the twisted blades of steel. Ought not the makers themselves to have been out there in the desert, at the butt-end of the rifles, with the soft metal bent and twisted at the muzzles?

Reckless of death, defying shell and bullet, scorning even the wall of steel which pointed towards them, the fuzzi-wuzzies had rushed upon us, and by the very daring of their onslaught had succeeded for the moment.

I cannot even tell you whether I myself shot or bayoneted any man that came against us. I suppose I must have done. I do not see how it was possible to aim at such a mass and miss, or to ply the steel and not strike home; but I did as most of my comrades did—fought blindly, and with the sole object of driving off the hordes of foes who were in and amongst us.

The terrible spears were doing their awful work, the bullets had killed and wounded many officers and men on all sides of the square, and there was heavy loss in the centre, where the screaming camels were huddled.

The seamen by the disabled Gardner were speared as they fought. Lord Charles himself was hurled to the ground, but he sprang to his feet again and slashed about him with his sword. Other officers did the same, and what the leaders did the men copied.

Very near me was a man who was reckoned the finest specimen of a soldier serving in the Army. He was of gigantic stature and corresponding strength, and in that short fight already he had done tremendously well. His powerful right arm swung a great sword about like a toy blade, and many an Arab had fallen before it. They were valiant Arabs, too, for many of them had not been sabred or bayoneted until they were quite through the living wall and inside the square itself. One magnificent chief, indeed, had rushed on horseback into the very centre and planted his banner there, and he was shouting his song of victory when he was slain.

It was at the most critical and dangerous period of the fight that the mounted giant rushed outside the disorganised square and shouted to some of the men to wheel back. That was when the hordes of fuzzi-wuzzies were mixed up with us. Almost as he shouted his horse fell, killed or wounded, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it seemed, the giant himself was no more. One of the terrible spears had been plunged into his neck, and he was dead.

That happened very near me, just under my eyes, and I knew that the Army had lost one of its most brilliant and valiant soldiers, for the fallen warrior was Colonel Burnaby.

For some few moments there was mad, inexpressibly wild confusion. Men and camels and horses were driven upon each

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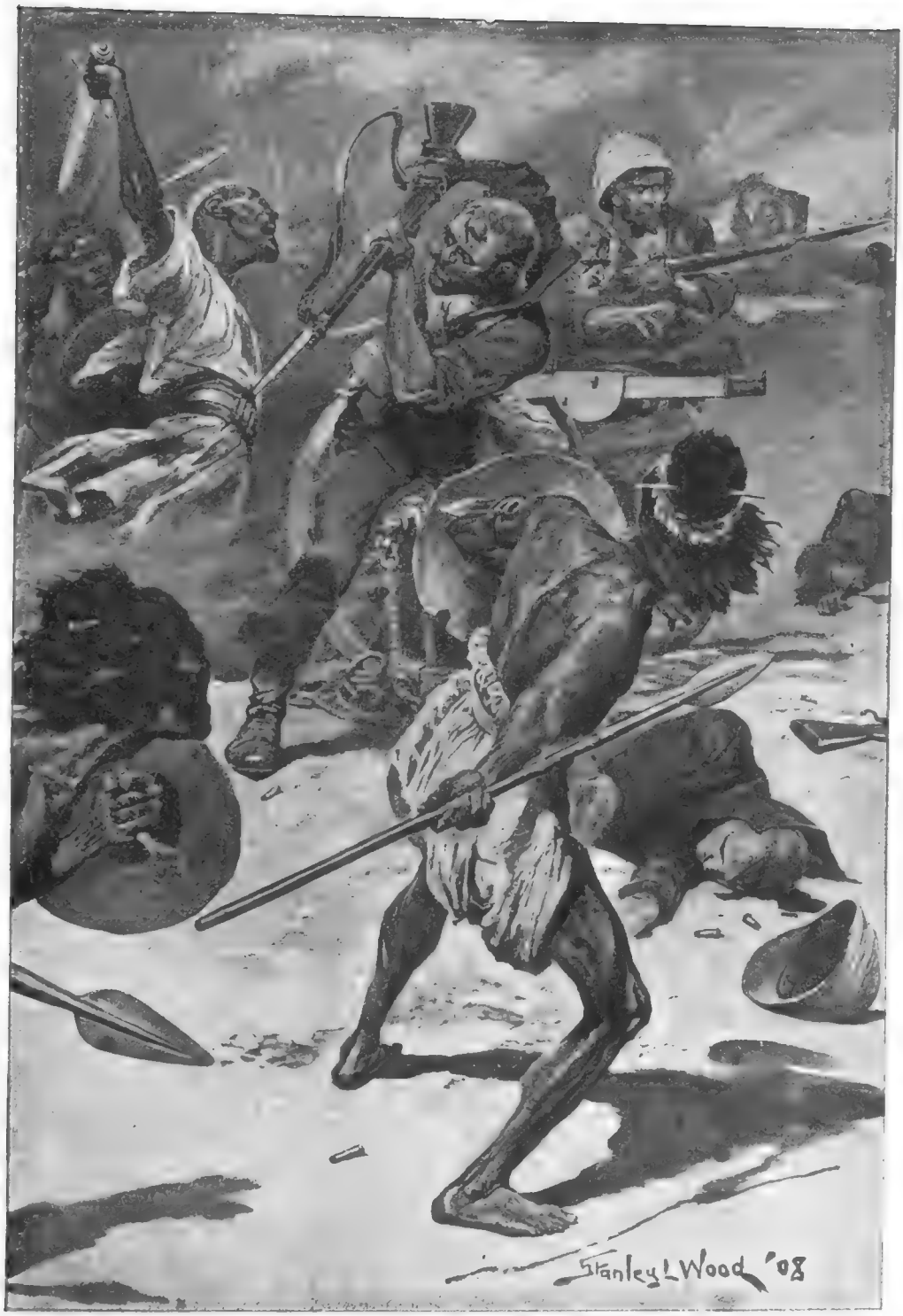

The seamen by the disabled Gardner were speared as they fought.

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other, and made a hideous, struggling mass, smothered in the rising sand of the desert, and almost choked by the smoke and fumes of the powder. Some of the Arabs had thrown their rifles away and depended solely on their spears. They plunged madly with the deadly blades, and there was scarcely a thrust which did not mean a life.

So terrible was the onslaught, so sudden the swoop, so inevitable the confusion, that I believe it is a fact that one or two of our own officers and several of the men were killed by British bullets; but in such a fight a calamity like that was inevitable, for the firing seemed to be all ways at once, and while the battle lasted it was impossible to tell friend from foe.

The end came as swiftly as the start.

The square had been rushed and broken, and some of the fuzzi-wuzzies had penetrated it as far as the centre, but not one of them who went in got out. All were shot down or bayoneted. Some feigned death and came to life again when they saw a chance of rising for a moment and killing a British soldier. No mercy was shown to them.

Almost before the shock of the charge was over, and before the fact was realised that the enemy was amongst us, the fight was done.

The fuzzi-wuzzies recognised that there was no hope of final victory for them, and they withdrew almost as swiftly, it seemed to me, as they had advanced. I saw them drawing off in their thousands, and dotting the little hills about us just as they had dotted them before their frantic rush across the desert. They were allowed to go in peace. No shots, at any rate no general firing, pursued them, although they could have been destroyed as they retired.

I, for one, was glad that they went away unmolested. Of their kind they were the bravest of the brave. They did not know the meaning of fear. I was glad and relieved, too, and I do not think that there was either officer or man in the broken square who had not a feeling of thankfulness to see the backs and not the faces of them.

I looked around and about me, and saw that the desert was literally strewn with the dead and wounded. In those few minutes, nine of our officers and sixty-five men had been killed, and eighty-five wounded, while in and near the square itself, to say nothing of the ground beyond, nearly a thousand Arabs were lying dead.

Only when the fight was over, and it was possible to think, was I able to form a correct impression of the event. Details came back to my mind, and I remembered that as we were marching down in the square one of our colour-sergeants, Kackwich, of the Coldstream Guards, was shot. He was placed on the side of a camel, but when riding towards the Nile he was again struck twice and mortally wounded. In the hospital tent where I was lying there were four men who were maimed for life—Trooper McLeod, of the Royal Horse Guards, who had lost a leg; Private Renton, of the Royal Marines, who also had a leg missing; myself, less a foot; and Private Clark, of the Scots Guards, who had both arms amputated. Wounds were bad to treat and slow to heal in the desert, especially when they were inflicted by the fuzzi-wuzzies' spears.

Not long afterwards I repassed Abu Klea, and saw the whitening skeletons and ribs of camels. By that time I had been in another action, where the Arabs had again tried to rush and break a British square. But this time we were craftier than they were—and we recollected what the spears had done—and we drove them back into the hot desert from which they came. Again they suffered heavy loss. Like most of us poor human beings, they paid bitterly for their experience. That was at Gubat, two days after Abu Klea, and the fight cost me my foot and ankle.

While I was wounded and helpless I craved for water, but it seemed as if not a drop existed in the world. I craved and prayed for it, and my longing was at length gratified. Just when I had reached the stage when death itself would have been welcome as a release from suffering, I became aware that someone was offering me a sip of brandy-and-water. I took it thankfully, and pulled round enough to see that my benefactor was an officer, but I did not know till afterwards who he was; then I learnt that it was Lord Arthur Somerset, of the Heavy Camel Regiment.

In a stretcher I set out to recross the desert.

General Stewart was with us, and I saw him when we started. When next I met him it was at Gakdul. I was being carried in as he was borne out to his last resting-place. He had died that morning at four o'clock.

It was just such burial as every soldier had who fell in that pitiless desert warfare. There was no music, no beating of drum. The little ceremony was terribly sad and impressive, but I think by that time we had become acquainted with sadness, for General Gordon himself, only a few days after the square was rushed and broken at Abu Klea, was murdered at Khartoum.

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The square had been rushed and broken, and some of the fuzzi-wuzzies had penetrated it as far as the centre, but not one of them who went in got out.

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Mrs. Bountiful, who recommended Mrs. Jones to Mr. Calverley.

A Newspaper Cutting

A History of Mistakes on Both Sides.

By Brinsley Moore.

1. *The newspaper cutting from the advertisement columns of the "Blankshire Herald," May 10th, 1905:*

A GENTLEMAN of independent means, tall and dark, desires to correspond with a lady of refinement with view to matrimony. Accomplishments and amiability sought rather than wealth or beauty. A comfortable home and the chivalrous devotion of a tender heart are offered.—Address *X. Y. Z., "Herald" Office.*

2. *A letter from Mrs. Bountiful to Mrs. Martha Jones, 2 Paradise Row, Picklebury:*

The Manor House,
Marksworth.
May 16th, 1905.

Dear Mrs. Jones,—I send you the inclosed newspaper-cutting from the advertising columns of the *Blankshire Herald* of last week. It struck me as being just the post for which you are suited, and, knowing that you are not very much accustomed to letter-writing, I answered it on your behalf. The gentleman who advertises is an old acquaintance of ours, and is quite willing to take you on my strong recommendation.

I have told him what an excellent cook you are, and have pledged myself that you will prove an economical manager of the household expenses. It will not be a difficult post to fill, and I am sure you would have a happy, settled home—much better than depending on your present uncertain engagements in nursing sick people. The fact, too, that in your younger days you were in service in good families, and know the ways of gentlefolk, makes me quite sure that you would meet the requirements of the position capably.

Mr. Calverley would give you £25 a year, with an allowance for beer. As two servants are kept I do not think you would find yourself overworked.

If you think this would suit you, please write to him and say so at once, as I have no doubt many people will have replied to his advertisement. He is a gentleman in a good position, so be careful to address the letter properly—Henry Calverley, *Esq.*, Arran House, Middleford.

Yours truly,
Selina Bountiful.

3. *A letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Bountiful, Manor House, Marksworth:*

2 paridise Row,
Picklebury.
May 17th, 19005.

dere madum i thank you for sending the addvertissment wich i have orfen seen such in the noospapers and thought they was only a Swindle but as i always say Wonders will never seize. and i think i shall Consent if you are sure as he does not go to publics at night having always said since my first husband died of deleerious trimmings never again unless a man is Sober and steddy. nor could i do with a Grumbler wich i always say you should look on the Brite side and a cheerful smile is ½ the battle. and if he is of that dispersition i think it will be a good opening for me tho rarther Suddin with a many thanks to vou for bringing us together i remane

yrs respecful martha Jones.

4. *A letter from Mrs. Bountiful to Mrs. Jones, 2 Paradise Row, Picklebury:*

The Manor House,
Marksworth,
May 19th, 1905.

Dear Mrs. Jones,—

I am greatly surprised at your letter. Mr. Calverley is a real gentleman who would not be likely to be guilty of the failing of which you speak—indeed, he is a

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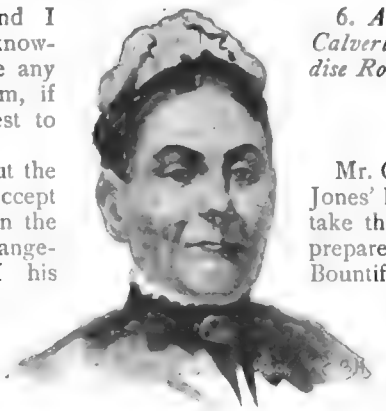
most abstemious man. And I know that he will always acknowledge with cheerful gratitude any services you may render him, if only you try to do your best to make him comfortable.

But if you really care about the offer, you should write and accept it *at once*, lest he should in the meantime come to an arrangement with some other of his numerous applicants.

Yours truly,
SELINA BOUNTIFUL.



Mrs. Jones, recommended to Mr. Henry Calverley by Mrs. Bountiful.

5. *A letter from Mrs. Jones to Mr. Henry Calverley, Arran House, Middleford.*

2 paridise Row,
Picklebury,
May 20th, 1900 and five.

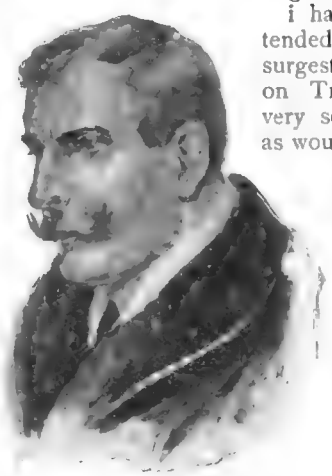
Horned sir Mrs. bountiful having sent me your addvertissment i will take it if you are willing wich it would have been a deal more usual if we could have met a time or 2 to see if sooted but never mind wealth and beauty not being asked for, tho before getting so stout i was orfen called a good Figger wich is of course all Vanity and Vexation of sperits.

Acomplishments as follers: good Cookry encluding Soops and jelleys, plane sewing and Fancy with others 2 numerus to mention now. having nursed a many in sickness and a husband to his Grave i should no wot to do when you are ill. formerly a Dancer much sort after, but have given it up owing to Stoutness and shortness of breath.

Amerbility never denied by no one except Mrs. Squires at the fried Fish shop wich is most untruthful if she says i did, being known to be cantankrous and in the wrong and as i always say it takes 2 to make a Quarril.

dere sir i except of your preposal if you think i shall Do. and if selected i shall do my best to honour and obey making you happy and comfortable to please your tender Art. but woodent it be Best to see me 1st. as if not you would be buying a Pig in a Poke.

yours obed. and respectful
MARTHA JONES.



Henry Calverley, to whom Mrs. Jones was recommended as housekeeper.

6. *A letter from Mr. Henry Calverley to Mrs. Jones, 2 Paradise Row, Picklebury:*

Arran House,
Middleford.
May 22nd.

Mr. Calverley gathers from Mrs. Jones' letter that she is willing to take the post. While he is quite prepared to engage her on Mrs. Bountiful's excellent recommendation, he thinks it may perhaps best meet her wishes to come for a month on trial. Will Mrs. Jones please arrange for this, and kindly notify Mr. Calverley of the earliest possible date on which she can come?

7. *A letter from Mrs. Jones to her sister at Blackburn:*

2 paridise Row,
Picklebury.
May 24th, 19005.

dere sister and you will be Astonished to hear as i am going to be Married threw the Noospaper. he is a Independent gentleman as is a E.S.Q. with a tender Art, having addvertised as welth and Beauty are no account only Amerbility wich i think i can do. and such eagerniss as never was, saying Earliest possible date. i am to have 25 lbs. a year all to myself to spend as i like with beer and 2 serving girls wich i shall be quite the Lady, and thanks to mrs. bountiful as has brought it about there always being a Lame dog to help you over the style.

i have not yet scene my Intended living too far off. so he surgests as i should go a month on Trial wich i think it is a very sensible preposal and one as would save a lot of discontent after, if more orfen carried out Look before you leap being always a good motter for old and young.

the new clothes will cost a deal being resolved to go wel-dressed and fashnable not to disgrace him at the first tho as i orfen say fine Feathers dont make fine birds. wich it is fortunit as i have been in good

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service and shall no How to behave. i am going next monday so you must rite to me there with love to you all and i hope as the children are wel and your husband steddier than he was from your affeckshunate sister Martha Jones the noospaper says he is *tall and dark* wich i always did admire in a man.

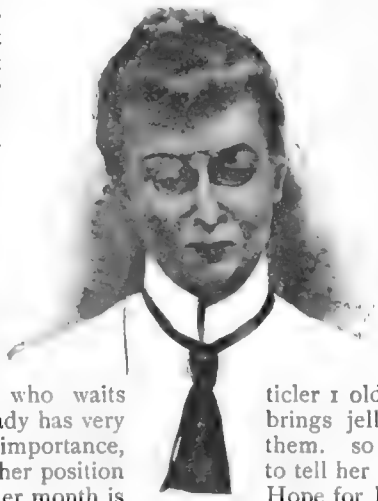
8. *A letter from Mr. Henry Calverley to Mrs. Bountiful, Manor House, Marksworth:*

Arran House,
Middleford,
June 6th, 1905.

DEAR MRS. BOUNTIFUL,—

The housekeeper whom you kindly recommended came last Monday, and I hasten to thank you for finding me such a treasure. She is certainly a most excellent cook, and sends me up just the dishes I order. After the many incapables who have filled the post, I cannot tell you what a relief it is to get someone who can provide really satisfactory meals.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Jones does not seem to get on well with the other servants. They complain that she is haughty and overbearing; and the housemaid Jane, who waits upon me, says that the old lady has very high notions of her own importance, and is always declaring that her position will be very different when her month is up. I hope this does not mean that she has heard of a better post. But probably it only represents a little of that inevitable friction which from time to time disturbs the servants' quarters—especially in a bachelor's household.



Miss Miranda Miggs, who announced to his relations the engagement of Mr. Calverley and his housekeeper.

My gout has been particularly troublesome during the past fortnight, and I have been entirely confined to my room. Consequently I have not yet been able to interview Mrs. Jones since her arrival; but I hope when I do see her I may be able to smooth over the little difficulty—whatever it is. She is certainly much too good to lose, if it is only a question of a higher salary.

Yours very truly,
HENRY CALVERLEY.

9. *A letter from Mrs. Jones to her sister at Blackburn:*

Arran house,
Midleford,
June 15th, 19005.

dere sister the house is big and welfurnished but the persition so far is Not wot i expected being put to take my meals in the kitchin and live in servants quarters and of all impident ussies the very worst is that Jane. they do not seem to no yet wot i have come for so i suppose he is keeping it Quiet till all is settled wich it is very wise not to let your drummersticks no everythink and Still waters run deep.

dere sister at times his groans is awful tho he has not seen me yet. wich I said to Jane give him my best love and rispecs but she only larft and said wel you are a 1 for cheek. but as i said if he is ill who so Proper as me to be at his bedside with affeckshunate Care but no she says and will not let me in, wich shows as i orfen say as the Cause of true love never does run smooth.

i have decided as i shall give Jane notiss as soon as the wedding is over wich will teach her as pride goes before a Fall. and I shall have a few things to tell mr Calverley when i do see him.

there are a many callers chiefly ladies him being so wel off and a bachler, perticler 1 old made named miss Miggs as brings jelleys as if i couldent make them. so i thought as it was only fair to tell her conferdential as there was no Hope for her me having answered his addvertissment first. and she couldent hardly believe it only as i told her Truth is stronger than friction.

so no more now till i can rite and tell you of the wedding from your aff. sister Martha Jones.

10. *A letter from Miss Miranda Miggs to a friend:*

Hope Cottage,
Middleford.
June 17th, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS BROWN,—

. . . Such a *painful* scandal! Do you remember that *old Mr. Calverley* at Arran House? Everybody has been surprised that he has so long remained *a bachelor* as, although he suffers from *gout* and is *rather old*, he has a very *comfortable income* and a *beautifully furnished*

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house. His gout has been particularly bad lately, and he has been *entirely confined* to his room; so I called yesterday just to inquire *how he was*, and to leave a small pot of the jelly *he likes so much*. The new housekeeper received me *in the d awin,-room*—a *fat, vulgar old woman* dressed in a preposterous *sky-blue silk*, and simply overwhelmed with *imitation jewellery*. And—*would you believe it?*—we had not been talking five minutes before she told me that *she is going to marry* old Mr. Calverley!

The idea seemed so absurd that for the moment I thought *she must be mad*. But her story is so *clear* and *coherent* that I fear there can be *no doubt* of its truth. My dear, he actually *advertised for a wife* in the newspapers! Mrs. Jones showed me *the advertisement*. She answered it on the advice of a friend, and as a result *she has been selected* out of a large number of applicants.

Diana Calverley, Mr. Calverley's elder niece, who wrote remonstrating with her uncle for being engaged to the housekeeper.

Fancy all this going on, and we here, in *the very place* where he lives, knowing *nothing whatever* about it! Men are indeed *a mystery* that I, for one, shall *never* hope to understand.

The *most serious* part of the matter is that while Mrs. Jones considers herself *definitely engaged*, she declares that she is here for *a month's trial* to see, as she says, if they are *suited* to one another! Is it not *an awful idea?* I know, of course, that out in the world people nowadays have *most debased notions* about the holy estate of matrimony; but I am indeed *grieved* to think that *such loose ideas* should have found a lodgment in our *hitherto irreproachable Middleford society*. And to think that such a dreadful notion should have been introduced into our midst by an *apparently* quiet and respectable resident whom we have all *regarded with esteem!*

It is unfortunate in this *emergency* that the vicar is away; and the new curate being only a deacon, I found it *most difficult* to make him understand the *full enormity* of the situation. Even when he did, he is so diffident and nervous that I could not persuade him *to call*, but he has promised *to write* to Mr. Calverley and point out *the grave scandal* his outrageous proceedings are causing.

My heart bleeds for the poor *nephews and nieces*, as, apart from the *natural expectations* they had based on their uncle's *age* and *failing health*, they cannot possibly associate with *this vulgar woman* who is to be their aunt. Although I do not really know them at all well, I have felt it *a solemn duty* to write to each of them by this post to warn them of this impending calamity *before it is too late*.

Yours very sincerely,
MIRANDA MIGGS.

11. *A letter from Mr. Henry Calverley to the Rev. S. Mole, Curate of Middleford:*

Arran House, Middleford.
June 18th, 1905.

MR. CALVERLEY, in acknowledging the receipt of the Rev. S. Mole's extraordinary letter, is quite unaware of anything "in his present or contemplated domestic arrangements" which could possibly "cause a serious scandal." Mr. Calverley greatly regrets that his indisposition at present precludes him from receiving visitors; but he hopes at an early date to fix a time for Mr. Mole to call and substantiate the very serious charges at which he hints.

12. *A letter from Miss Diana Calverley to her uncle:*

Buxton,
June 19th, 1905.

DEAR UNCLE,—

I am surprised to hear from a lady in your neighbourhood of your contemplated marriage, and write at once to protest against the disgrace which such an alliance will bring upon the whole family. I hope even yet it may not be too late to appeal to you to pause. Will you name a day when I may come over and reason you out of this extraordinary infatuation?

Your aff. niece,
DIANA CALVERLEY.

13. *A letter from Miss Dulcia Calverley to her uncle:*

Croydon,
June 19th, 1905.

MY DEAREST UNCLE,—

Can this strange news be true? Do write and say it is not. I feel sure she is only a designing female who is after your money. And such a vulgar and uneducated woman can never be a congenial companion to you

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Dulcia Calverley, who wrote in the same strain as Diana.

in your declining years. If indeed you are feeling lonely, I will willingly sacrifice myself and make my home with you. It shall never be said—at least, as far as *I* am concerned—that the neglect of your own relations drove you to this step. Do let me come and fill the gap.

Your most loving niece,
DULCIA CALVERLEY.

14. *A letter from Mr. Jack Calverley to his uncle :*

Hammersmith, 19th June, 1905.

DEAR UNCLE,—

So you are getting wed after all? Why have you kept it so quiet? The lady who sends me the news isn't very complimentary about the object of your affections—but I daresay that's just a bit of her own disappointment and spite. When may I come over and be introduced to my new aunt?

It is, of course, a big surprise; but I hope your getting married won't make you forget that you have some blood-relations as well.

Your aff. nephew,
JACK CALVERLEY.

15. *A letter from Mr. Henry Calverley to his nephew :*

Arran House,
Middleford,
June 20th, 1905.

MY DEAR JOHN,—

What nonsense have you all got into your heads? Everybody seems to have gone mad, and I am simply overwhelmed with letters about my impending marriage—a matter concerning which I have no knowledge whatever myself. The letters I have received on the subject are far too numerous to answer in my present state of health. Will you please contradict this foolish rumour wherever you come across it?

As if gout were not enough to try my patience, silly people must plague me by spreading such ridiculous reports!

Your affectionate uncle,
HENRY CALVERLEY.

16. *A letter from Mr. Henry Calverley to Mrs. Bountiful, Manor House, Marksworth :*

Arran House,
Middleford,
June 24th, 1905

DEAR MRS. BOUNTIFUL,—

Many thanks for your kind inquiries. I am rather better this week—indeed, this morning I felt well enough for the first time to interview the new housekeeper you kindly secured for me.

What a queer old woman she is! Certainly, she is a most excellent cook, and I was hopeful that she was settling down comfortably in her post. But when she entered my room, she astonished me first by her curious nervousness and shyness, and then by a declaration that she must leave at the end of her month, *cwing* (as far as I could understand her voluble and confusing explanations) *to the colour of my hair!*

I remember that you warned me that her conversation (like her letters) was involved and misleading, and it was quite a long time before I gathered that her real objection was a feeling of being unequal to what she considers the dignity of the position offered to her. However, after much discussion, she at length consented to stay on *as cook*, with the express stipulation that she should not be required to appear in the dining-room or drawing-room. She is far too good in the culinary department for me to quarrel with such a limitation of her responsibilities; and if she prefers to be called Cook, why—as she herself would say—"What's in a name?"

So, on this understanding, we have made a permanent arrangement; and I must, once again, thank you for finding me such a treasure.

Yours very truly,
HENRY CALVERLEY.

Jack Calverley, who treated the supposed engagement in rather a spirit of levity.

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17. *A letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Bountiful, Manor House, Marksworth:*

Arran house,
Midleford.
June 27th, 1900 & 5.

dere madum wich i orfen say Seeing is believing and when Jane brought the messige as i was to go Up and see him at last the month being up my Art went pitterpat wot with palpitations and being Stout. but lor when i got there and saw wot he was like i knew as it would never do. dere lady i could putt up with the gowt though he won't never walk properly agen but Red heir is a thing as i never could abear and should be ashamed of in a husband. not to hurt his Feelings i said as the Persition was 2 Lofty for me to fill but he looked so dissapointed and pressed me so much speaking wel of my cookry that i felt sorry for him and offered to stay on as Cook on conditions as all other ideas was intirely dismissed from his thoughts. as i always say Out of site out of mind and if i keep to the kitchins he will soon get over it.

to lessen the Blow for him i have told that miss Miggs as she rarther misconstrood wot i said in conferdence to her and not to be repeated to anybody else. so nobody will no as i have refused him.

wich of course it is not the persition as i was expecting and bought the dresses for but all that glitters is Not gold and so praps all for the best, cooking being wot i am more used to and easy to get Out of it if i hear of anythink better wich in matterimoney you carnt.

so i am stopping on as Cook and all end's wel as they say. but i must remark as the Addvertissment wich he put in the papers was not True in saying *Tall and Dark* wich is quite otherwise and misleads. and i wonder as you didnt warn me as it was wrong or at least hint, a Nodd being as good as a wink i am dere madum yours respectful martha Jones and i Inclose the addvertissment so as you may see for yourself, having drawed a line under the words *tall and dark* wich he is not so and never could have been.

18. *A letter from Mrs. Bountiful to Mrs. Martha Jones, at Arran House, Middleford:*

The Manor House,
Marksworth.
June 28th, 1905.

Dear Mrs. Jones,

Though there is a good deal in your letter that I do not quite understand, I gather that you have arranged to settle in your new post; and as I hear from Mr. Calverley that he is well pleased with your work, I think the arrangement will prove satisfactory for both him and you.

But I am sure you are wrong in supposing that there was anything misleading about the advertisement which I forwarded to you. I am sending it back in this letter so that you may see this for yourself. The fact that you have marked certain words *on the wrong side of the paper* suggests to me that in your hurry you have got a little muddled. If you will turn the newspaper-cutting over and read *the other side*, I think you will see that Mr. Calverley's advertisement describes most accurately the post for which we applied and which you have now so happily secured.

Yours truly,
Selina Bountiful.

19. *The other side of the newspaper cutting:*

WORKING-HOUSEKEEPER. — An invalid gentleman, bachelor, requires at once working-housekeeper who is a good cook. Must be thoroughly capable and trustworthy. Two servants kept. Washing put out.—Application by letter only, giving refs. to last situation, to be addressed to H. C., Arran House, Middleford.

Photo C. Neumann, New York

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THE BROKEN MATCH.—Concealing the second match in the hem of the handkerchief.

TRICKS IN THE SMOKING-ROOM

A few Simple yet Mystifying After-Dinner Tricks.

By DAVID DEVANT.

This is the second article of this series, the first of which, "Tricks at the Writing Table," appeared last month. The third article, describing "Tricks at the Work Table," will appear in the February number. Mr. David Devant is well known to the public as the greatest conjuror in the world and the man who helps to make St. George's Hall "England's Home of Mystery."

THE BROKEN MATCH.

ONE of the most mystifying little tricks I have come across lately is performed with a match and a handkerchief. You spread the handkerchief on the table and take a wooden match from the stand and place the match in the centre of the handkerchief.

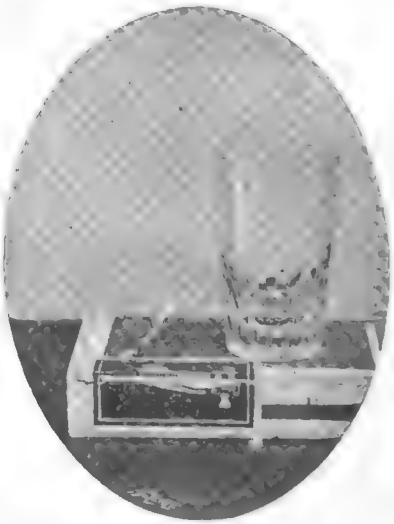
Pause when the match is lying on the handkerchief and ask somebody if he, or she, is quite sure that the match is in the centre of the handkerchief. I always get a "Yes" to that question because the match is under the eyes of the audience the whole time, but having had the answer to my question, I assure the speaker that he, or she, cannot be sure that the match is in the centre of the handkerchief because I have not measured the exact centre of the handkerchief.

"Oh, very well," is the usual reply, "we'll say somewhere near the centre of the handkerchief."

"Anyhow," I say, "you're convinced that the match is on the handkerchief, and that I am now covering it up by folding the four corners of the handkerchief towards the centre."

A PUZZLE WITH A MATCH.—(1) Lean a match against a tumbler and ask anyone to take away the tumbler and leave the match standing.

I suit the action to the words and cover up the match. Then I put my left thumb over the hidden match, put my right hand underneath the handkerchief, and pick up the handkerchief and match in this way, letting



(2) To do this light the match with another one and let it burn for a few seconds. Blow it out, remove the glass and the match will stay upright.

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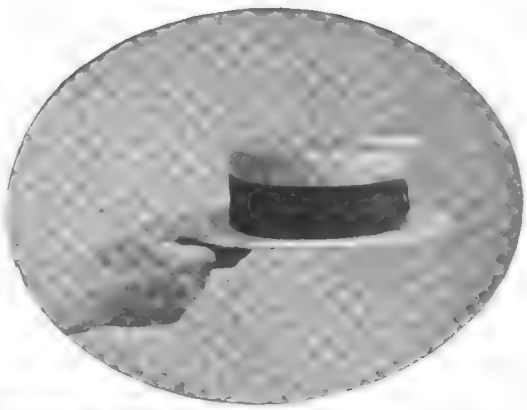
the handkerchief hang down over my left hand.

"You can feel that the match is still in the centre of the handkerchief," I say, holding the handkerchief out for anyone to touch. I allow someone to feel the match through the handkerchief, and ask that the match may be broken in two or three pieces. Then I put the handkerchief on the table once more, pull back the corners, and disclose the match, which has been magically mended again. Anyone may pick it up and examine it closely, for it is only an ordinary wooden match.

There were, of course, two matches, but practically no sleight of hand was employed in concealing the second one because before the trick began it was tucked away in the broad hem of the handkerchief.

This is the way it is done. Take any hemstitched handkerchief, open a couple of stitches, and slip in a match. Fold the handkerchief up again in such a way that the hidden match is on the top when you take it out of the pocket. It is as well to have the hidden match near one corner of the handkerchief, and to keep this corner nearest to you. When you fold over the corners of the handkerchief fold the corner containing the hidden match last, and fold it a little way beyond the match which has been placed on the handkerchief. By this arrangement you will easily be able to offer the hidden match for someone to break, whilst the match which the audience saw placed on the handkerchief lies just inside your hand.



BALANCING A CIGARETTE PAPER.—If the cigarette paper is placed thus, it will stand up when the hat is gently moved up and down.

BALANCING A CIGAR.—The hand within the hat has pushed a small hatpin through the crown and into the cigar.

MAKING THE CIGAR REVOLVE.—The revolution is caused by blowing, and the hatpin pushed through the crown prevents the cigar from falling off.

BALANCING A CIGARETTE PAPER AND A CIGAR.

Ask a man if he can balance a cigarette paper by making it stand up on a straw hat, or plate, or a magazine. If he begins by trying to hold the paper in a perpendicular position, you may sit back and smile, for he will never do it that way. Take the paper from him and put it on the edge of the hat, or the magazine, or plate in such a way that about half the paper protrudes beyond the edge. Then move the hat gently so that the current of air lifts up the paper, and if you regulate your movement nicely, you will be able to make the paper stand on its edge.

When you want to balance a cigar you must use a hat. Put the hat over one hand, and stand the cigar on the crown. You have a small hat pin in your left hand, and when you try to balance the cigar you work the pin through the hat and so into the end of the cigar, which is then made to stand upright. Another trick consists in laying the cigar on the edge of the crown, and by blowing it making it revolve. Here again the hat pin is used.

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THE CIGARETTE PAPER TRICK.

Ask a man for a cigarette paper, and suggest to him that he cannot make a cigarette in this way: Tear the paper in half; put the two pieces together and tear them again; tear the four pieces into eight, and roll them into a little ball of paper. Ask him to blow on the ball, unravel it and show that you have restored the cigarette paper to its original condition.

The second ball of paper used in the trick was concealed between the tips of the first and second fingers. The amateur must accustom himself to holding the little ball of paper there without keeping his fingers in a stiff position, and even for a simple little trick of this kind a few rehearsals are necessary. When the paper is being torn up, the pieces will help to conceal the second paper. The pieces are rolled up into a ball, and then the ball made of the whole piece is brought up under the ball made of the pieces, and the two are held tightly between the first finger and thumb. No one ever guesses that there are two balls of paper held together.

Where the extra cigarette paper is hidden.

After the volunteer assistant has blown on the little ball, the conjuror unfolds the ball made of the whole piece of paper, and at the same time works the ball made of the torn pieces into the place originally occupied by the other ball. When the whole piece is shown, and the audience are—more or less—gasping with astonishment, the conjuror rolls up the piece between his fingers and, unknown to the audience, rolls up the ball of pieces with it and flicks the whole ball away. It is as well to flick it into the fire, because some people are so curious when a conjuror is trying to amuse them.

The correct position for the hands when tearing up the paper.

Having performed the trick in this way, you can offer to show how it is done. Be very serious, but not too serious, when you say that, otherwise people will think that you are not speaking the strict truth, and, as a matter of fact, you are not. Still, you must impress on them that you are really going to give the trick away, and you proceed in this fashion:

"Of course I had to have an extra paper. This I rolled up into a ball and hid here." (Put the ball in the fork of the left thumb and openly show it there.) "Then, in tearing up the paper" (tear it up while you are speaking), "I was able to get hold of the second piece."

Then comes the swindle. Just before you got to that last sentence you dropped the second ball from the fork of the left thumb on to the table. This was apparently done accidentally, and when you tried to get hold of the second ball, you pretended that you were very surprised that it was not where you put it—at the fork of the thumb. Somebody is sure to tell you that you have dropped it, and they will probably go forward to pick it up for you. Then comes one of a conjuror's great moments. "Never mind," he says serenely. "I have known the trick to work all right without that second piece," and he unrolls the ball and shows the paper whole again.

It will be obvious that the conjuror had a third piece of paper, and that the third piece was hidden, as the second piece was in the first part of the trick, between the tips of the second and first fingers of his right hand. Some conjurors make the trick a little more mysterious when they offer to "show how it's done" by hiding the third piece in another way. They have a tiny ball of wax and fasten the third

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piece of paper to the back of their right thumb nail.

The conjuror must prepare himself for this trick by having a number of cigarette papers rolled up into balls and tucked down in the corner of his right hand waistcoat pocket. He can then get one out easily. I once saw an enthusiastic young amateur nearly bowled out at this trick by a man who carefully examined the water-mark of his cigarette paper before he handed it to the conjuror. Luckily, the conjuror had provided himself with balls made of two different kinds of cigarette papers, and he happened to pick out the right one when he was doing the trick.

A JOKE WITH A MATCH.

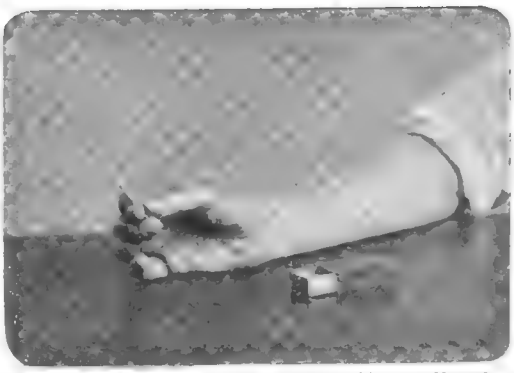
The next time a friend asks you if you have a match strike one and hand him the unlighted end. Just before he takes it, secretly break the match in half, and hold the two pieces in such a way that there appears to be one whole match. Your friend—and it is just as well to make sure that he is a friend—will take the unlighted piece and put it quickly to his smoke, while you coolly light your cigarette with the other piece.

The best way to break the match quickly and noiselessly is to hold it with the first and second fingers underneath it and the thumb on the top. Raise the first finger and press down with the thumb, and the match will be broken halfway through. Roll the match over and press down again, and the job will be complete.

THE PENNY THROUGH THE HAT.

Do not announce what you propose to do in this trick, but borrow a bowler hat and twelve pennies. Rest the hat on the top of the glass and throw the pennies into the hat, and at the same time invite the audience to watch the glass carefully. They will probably be considerably surprised to see one penny apparently fall right through the crown of the hat into the glass.

An extra penny is needed in the trick, and it should be hidden in the right hand. When the hat is placed on the glass the penny is introduced underneath it, and it is balanced on the edge of the glass, the hat keeping it from falling over into the glass. In throwing the pennies the conjuror retains one in his hand and pitches the others against the side of the hat. This lifts the hat slightly and the penny drops into the glass. While the audience are counting the pennies in the hat the conjuror gets rid of the one in his hand. A good way of doing this is to empty the pennies out of the hat and to ask someone to count them. Whilst they are being counted the conjuror can slip the extra penny into the lining of the hat.



A JOKE WITH A MATCH.—How the match should be held before it is broken.

THE PENNY THROUGH THE HAT.—(1) How the extra penny is balanced between the hat and the glass.

(2) The penny apparently coming right through the hat.

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THE MYSTERIOUS CIGAR BANDS.

Put a band from your cigar on the tip of your first finger. Show it is there, wave your hand for a second, and behold!—the band has disappeared. You can then produce it from your left elbow, or any other place that pleases you.

The miracle is performed as follows:

Take a cigar band and put it in water until you are able to undo it. Then paste it on to some very thick cartridge paper or thin cardboard, and paste the two ends together again so that the thing appears to be an ordinary cigar band. To make it disappear, bend the first finger and leave the band in the fork of the thumb and straighten the finger again. You must practise this until you can do it without bending the second, third, and little fingers.

THE MYSTERIOUS CIGAR BANDS—(1) How the cigar band is made to vanish; notice that only the first finger is bent.

The trick may be elaborated by having two bands exactly alike and pretending to pass one from the first finger of the right hand to the first finger of the left. To do this conceal one of the bands in the fork of the left thumb, so that you can easily reach it when you want it by bending down the first finger. Put the other band openly on the tip of the first finger of the right hand. Pass the right hand quickly over the left hand and underneath it. While it is passing over it you are able to get the band in the left hand on to the tip of the left first finger, and while the right hand is passing underneath the left hand you are able to make the band on the right first finger disappear by hiding it in the fork of the right thumb. Thus the bands have apparently changed places. The movement is made very quickly, for this is one of the very few tricks in which the quickness of the hand really does deceive the eye.

(2) Leaving the band in the fork of the thumb. The finger is then straightened out again.

THE MAGIC MATCH BOXES.

For this trick you want two ordinary empty match boxes, one of those pencils with a piece of blue chalk at one end and a piece of red chalk at the other, and a couple of cigarette papers. You will also require something else, but we shall come to that presently.

Begin by making a blue chalk mark across one of the match boxes and a red chalk mark across the other. Then make similar marks on the two cigarette papers. Now turn the match boxes over, so that the marked sides are next to the table, and move them round and round. Ask anyone if they can say which is the red box and which is the blue, and probably nobody will remember which is which.

"You needn't worry," you say, "because that has nothing to do with the trick which I am going to show you with the boxes."

You pick up one, show that it is the blue box and put the cigarette paper marked with blue into it. Then you pick up the red box and put the cigarette paper marked with red into that. Turn the boxes over again, move them round and round, and then hand the boxes to two men.

"This trick," you continue, "is almost as simple as the conjuror. You saw me put the blue paper into the blue box, and the red paper into the red box. I am merely going to ask the two papers to change places while the boxes containing them are in the hands of

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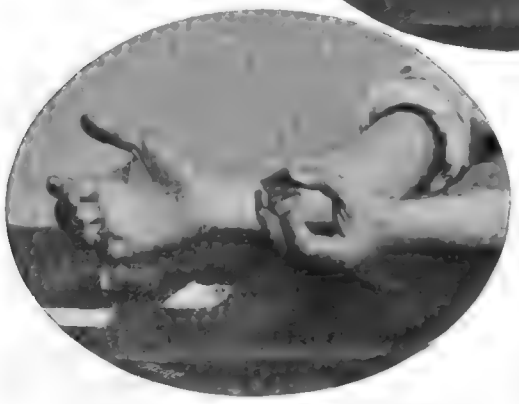
these two gentlemen. I will not come near them. A snap of the fingers and the trick is done. Will you please open the boxes yourselves, and see that the red paper is now in the blue box and the blue paper is in the red box."

I warned you that "something else" was required in the trick, and this thing you can easily make. Take two other match boxes similar to those you are going to use in the trick and cut off the two fronts. Glue these two pieces together, and mark one side red and the other blue. The marks should be exactly like those you are going to make on the match boxes when you perform the trick.

Put this little slab in your right hand trousers pocket with the red side next to you.

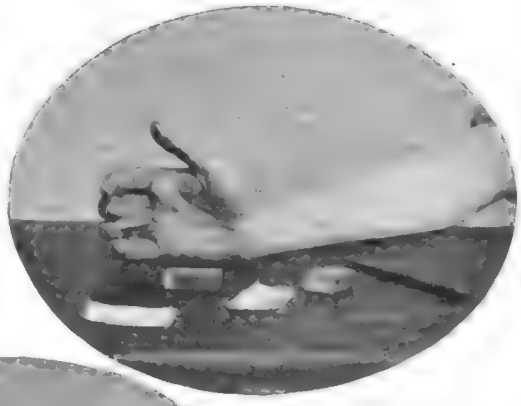
The boxes used in the trick were ordinary match boxes, but one of them had a tiny ink or pencil mark on it so that you could distinguish it from the other. The chalk mark you make on this box must be on the other side of it, so that when the boxes are turned over with the marked sides to the table, you are able to tell from the ink or pencil mark, which you can then see, which box is the red box and which is the blue. We will presume that the marked box is the red one.



(2) The left hand puts one of the marked match boxes over the false front——

——(3) And takes it away and holds it on the top of the match box.

When you picked up a box and showed that it was the blue one, you really picked up the red box, but did not show the front of it. At the same time you took the little slab from your trousers pocket and concealed it in your right hand. You will remember that the red side of the little slab was nearest to you, and therefore, when you took the slab from your pocket, the blue side was nearest to your palm. You picked up the red box and, without showing the marked side, placed it in your right hand over the slab. You then held up the box with the slab in front of it with your left hand, and thus the audience were led to believe that the box was the blue one.



The Magic Match Boxes.—(1) The front parts of two match boxes joined together are concealed in the right hand——

Before picking up the other box you had to turn the slab over in your hand, and then, working in the same way, you were able to show that the box was apparently the red one. As the two boxes are never out of the sight of the audience, there does not appear to be any loophole for trickery. While you were moving the two boxes round and round the second time, you had an opportunity for slipping the little slab into one of your pockets. Thus the trick was really done before the audience were aware of what was going to be done, and that is generally the best kind of trick you can have.

Amateur conjurors who find any difficulty in hiding the slab in their hand, should use the smallest match boxes that are made. They are to be bought—full of matches—in the London streets, at the rate of six a penny.

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A Question of Pride.

The story of a Lovers' Tiff.

By Ruby M. Ayres.

There was a tragedy in Theo's face as she crossed the lawn, and precipitated herself—not ungracefully—by the side of my deck-chair.

"We've quarrelled," she announced.

I knew that already, seeing that I had heard the gate next door shut with a bang calculated to rouse the seven sleepers, and had seen through the bushes young Grayson's departing figure; so I did not even look up from my book as I inquired mildly if it were anything unusual?

Theo maintained a dignified silence.

I stifled a sigh, and put down my book.

"Well?" I said. "What's he done now?"

Theo was pulling blades of grass with nervous fingers.

"It isn't so much what he's done," she said. "It's that he says he will *never* come back—unless I apologise."

"They all say that," I assured her. "And they all come back. Besides," I added unwisely, "as no doubt you were in the wrong"—(she always is, when she and young Grayson quarrel)—"of course, you'll be a good little girl, and apologise—won't you?"

(She always does—generally about an hour after they have parted "for ever.")

But this time, apparently, I underrated the seriousness of the affair, for Theo's eyes blazed.

"I apologise! . . . *I!*" she cried. "Never! . . . Why should I, if I were not in the wrong?"

"Of course—if you were not," I apologised.

Theo's eyes wavered.

"Oh, well . . . perhaps I was . . . just a little," she admitted truthfully. "But all the same . . . George Danvers does *not* squint, now does he?"

I recollected that Danvers was an old admirer of Theo, and that the Green-eyed Monster was not unknown to young Grayson, so I murmured something non-committal about a "slight cast."

"So you see," said Theo, "that's how it was."

Constant companionship with Theo has made me a past master in the art of making four out of two, so I murmured that I understood perfectly.

Theo gave me a grateful look.

"So you've both solemnly sworn not to be the first to give in?" I asked. "Is that it?"

Theo admitted that it was.

"Of course," I soliloquised, "pride is of so much more consequence than—well, happiness, and things like that, isn't it?"

"But he was just as much to blame as I was," Theo protested.

"Exactly," said I. "And you were just as much to blame as he was."

There was a short silence.

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"I shall not apologise," said Theo firmly.

"No," I agreed. "Don't. It's such a fine thing to be strong-minded, isn't it?"

She looked at me reproachfully.

"If you once apologise to a man, he always expects you to do it again," she said, with somebody else's logic.

I treated the remark with contempt.

Theo is a spoilt child—fond as I am of her, I am not blind to her faults, and I thought it high time young Grayson set about curing some of them.

She rose slowly, and shook the grass from her skirt.

"I must go," she said.

"Stay and have tea with me," I urged. "Unless you think it is time you walked down the road and said you were sorry."

"I shall never say that," Theo declared with more determination than I had expected.

"Very well then," I said. "Stay and have tea with me."

Theo hesitated. "The fact is," she said then with bravado, "George Danvers is coming up."

I was not prepared for that, and I know she read disapproval in my face before I could disguise it.

"Oh!" I said, and took up my book.

She walked away. I let her go a few steps, then called her back. She came reluctantly.

I looked up at her.

"I have altered my mind," I said. "And I think that Danvers squints abominably."

* * * * *

It was two days before I saw Theo again.

I had watched through the lilac bushes, but never once had young Grayson's long legs conveyed him up the path next door.

I must admit I was pleased.

Theo was a flirt, and there is no doubt that Grayson had cause to say what he did about Danvers. I was wise enough to guess that what he had said had not ended, or begun, with the squint.

The third morning Theo opened my gate and walked in. She wore a white dress—Theo always wears white when she is feeling sorry for herself.

I remarked on the weather and the roses, and she answered in monosyllables; then she broke the ice.

"I haven't apologised," she said.

"No?" said I. Pause.

"Neither has he," she ventured. I said "Of course not," and Theo frowned.

"I have altered my mind," I said. "And I think that Danvers squints abominably."

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When I got home I found her at the gate.

"Why 'of course not'?" she demanded.

"Because you were in the wrong," I asserted.

"So was he," she declared quickly.

I studied her face from beneath the brim of my garden hat. I was sure she had been crying; all her dimples and sauciness were washed away.

Her attitude reminded me of a day, nearly twenty years ago, when another girl—just such another as Theo—had quarrelled with me, and had gone away from me—just as Theo had from young Grayson, with her little chin in the air, and tears in her eyes that pride would not let fall; but *I* had been in the wrong then.

We had parted "for ever," in the same silly way as these two children next door, only Death had taken us at our word, and when I saw her again . . . it was no use saying I was sorry . . . it was no use saying anything.

And I thought of all this as I looked at Theo's unhappy but obstinate little face.

She turned to me suddenly.

"If he cared," she said, "he would not let stupid pride stand in the way."

"Supposing," said I—"supposing just for argument," as she would have interrupted—"that he *did* come back, and found you walking about the garden with—say Danvers—what then?"

"I wish he could," said Theo passionately. "It would just pay him out for what he has made me suffer."

"Then," I said calmly, "we may consider that he *is* paid out, because . . . that is just what happened the other night. . . . I saw Grayson myself come up the road, when . . ."

Theo's face was white.

"He went away again?" she asked in a whisper.

"Danvers was picking you a rose from the tree by the gate," I said. "It all made a pretty picture. I have no doubt that Grayson fully appreciated it."

Theo sat in mute misery.

"He'll never come back now," she said at last.

"It will be for you to apologise after all, you see," I told her.

It was an unfortunate speech.

"I never, never will," she declared.

"'Never' is a long day, my dear," I said with a sigh.

* * * * *

But she wouldn't. Nothing I could say was of any avail, and the three days, which was the limit I had put to Theo's endurance, lengthened into eight.

I began to get uneasy. Danvers was next door so often, and Theo was one of those ridiculous people who, for no reason that I can ever see, find a pleasure in cutting off their nose to spite their face.

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And I did not want her to marry Danvers. I did not like the fellow—apart from his squint, he was not straight in other ways—perhaps his mind followed his eyes.

I took the law into my own hands, and asked Grayson to supper.

He promptly refused—as I expected. So as the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed put on his hat, and went to the mountain.

The mountain apparently was on excellent terms with himself.

Never have I known young Grayson so talkative—I could not get in a word edgeways. But I waited patiently, and, when the moment came, I asked how Theo was.

Theo? Oh, he believed she was very well, and—wouldn't I like a game of cribbage? He knew I was fond of cribbage.

No—I would *not!* I am an old man, and Grayson is a young one, otherwise he might have been offended at the curt way in which I refused to rob him. Grayson is a nice enough young fellow, but he can't play cards.

I got up from my chair, and went round to him.

"My boy," I said, "she was in the wrong; but there is one thing in the world that is worth more than pride."

And young Grayson looked up at me with trouble in his honest eyes.

"But that one thing," he said, "is worth *nothing* without faith. I can't trust her. You may not believe me, but I went back the other night. I thought I had been hasty, and——"

"I know," I said. "I saw you."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"And you expect me to overlook it, and forgive her? To think the same of her again?"

"Yes," I said, "I do—and you will."

Then I told him about the little girl who—twenty years ago—had looked at me with eyes like Theo's—the little girl who had died before the man could tell her that he was sorry for all the hard things he had said. The little girl who never knew how much he loved her, unless the angels—pitying the loneliness of that man's life since—have told her.

Then I went away and left him; but I no longer feared for Theo.

When I got home I found her at the gate.

"I thought you were never coming," she said with a sob. "Where have you been? And, oh, what do you think has happened?"

"Danvers has proposed, of course," I said shortly.

Theo began to cry.

"Well, did you accept him?" I asked brutally.

Theo choked back her tears to wither me.

"He's a horrid, mean creature," she declared. "And Jim was quite right—he *does* squint."

I smiled.

"And I shall never care for anyone else; and he'll never come back. I mean Jim," she added, realising suddenly that her words were probably less clear to me than they were to herself.

"You haven't asked him, Theo," I said gently.

In the grey twilight she looked very, very like——

Tear-drowned eyes were raised to mine.

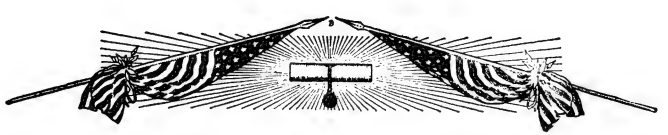
"Oh, do you think if I did?" she appealed.

I said I was sure of it.

"But supposing—supposing he won't?" tremblingly.

A step in the road spared me an answer—it was Grayson.

Did she run to him, or he to her? Did she say she was sorry, or did he? I don't know; and, after all, it matters so little when one is young, and in love. So I went quietly away, and closed the gate on their Garden of Eden—you see, I had been there once myself.



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CECILIA SKATING

Cecilia is considered stiff
And stilted by her friends,
But when she gets upon the ice
She rapidly unbends.

And I, who viewed her as a star,
Too high for me to court,
Have now upon the frozen pool
Become her chief support.

With "Acmes" on her little boots,
She's seized by wild alarms;
Not only does she clutch my hands
But sinks into my arms.

I guide her oscillating feet,
And when, with anguished frown,
She loses them, I pick her up
And gently brush her down.

And, though too occupied to talk,
I realise with pride,
Cecilia never feels content
Till I am at her side.

But while in present joys I live—
Forgetful of the past—
I'm tortured by the thought of thaw,
And pray the frost will last.

For with the thaw I fear once more
Her smiles she will withhold,
And as the temperature grows warm
Cecilia will grow cold. J. P.

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DOCTOR HESELTINE'S PATIENT

The Story of a Terrible Ordeal.

By E. Newton Bungey.

"The practice is a year old to-day, dear," said Doctor Heseltine, addressing his wife.

"It hasn't grown much, has it, Dick?" Mrs. Heseltine replied with an attempt at a smile.

"I don't know how much longer we can keep going," Heseltine murmured. "It can't be for long, anyway. I suppose I shall have to try for an assistant's job, and do the drudgery and get mighty small pay for it. I don't care as regards myself, but it's you that's troubling me, Esther. It's you that'll suffer the more, and all through me."

"Dick!" Mrs. Heseltine sprang to her feet and put an arm around her husband's neck. "Dick, do you think I cannot bear trouble too? Why, boy dear, for your sake I'd bear anything. I'd sooner share a crust with you than riches with anyone else.

"Don't you see," she whispered, standing slightly back and gazing into his eyes. "Don't you see, Dick, that I love you so that I don't mind what happens as long as I have you?"

Heseltine smiled, his eyes brightened, and he drew his wife close to him. "Bless you, my dear," he whispered. "God was very good to me when he gave me you."

At that moment there came a ring at the front door bell, and husband and wife sprang apart, and listened expectantly.

"Supposing it's a patient, Dick, a real rich patient," Esther murmured, her eyes shining.

They waited eagerly, and their faces lit up as they heard the none too familiar sound of the door of the consulting-room being opened. Then they heard the maid's voice.

"I'll see if doctor is in, sir," she said. "But 'e's that busy 'e don't know which way to turn."

"May you be forgiven, Eliza," muttered Doctor Heseltine piously.

"I'll give her my old silk skirt," murmured Esther practically.

"Gentleman to see you, sir," said Eliza, opening the door.

"Tell him I'll be with him in a few moments," Heseltine replied.

He waited impatiently what seemed to him ten minutes, but was really only three, and then walked quickly into the consulting-room. He saw a fine specimen of an elderly gentleman awaiting him, a man with silver-white hair and moustache, and the unmistakable glow of health in his eyes and cheeks. Heseltine's spirits fell slightly, and he refrained from making apologies for being "busy."

"Good-evening, doctor," began the patient. "I've come a very long way to see you. Let

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me introduce myself as Mr. Duncan, of New York. I own several oil fields- -- "

Dick tried to speak, but Mr. Duncan held up his hand.

"No, no, let me get it off my chest," he said. "You want to be sure of your fee, so I'm just telling you that I'm worth a couple of million pounds. Now, then, I want you to cure me, and if you can it means money to you, doctor, and plenty of it."

Heseltine's spirits rose very high. He tried to look unconcerned, however, as though such patients were common.

"I happened to be in this town, saw your lamp, decided it was time I saw a doctor, and there you are," was Mr. Duncan's peroration.

"I see; and now tell me what is the trouble."

Mr. Duncan looked queerly at the doctor, and then leant forward and whispered hoarsely:

"Visions!"

Heseltine started.

"I see things that aren't there," muttered Mr. Duncan.

"Er—what sort of things?" asked Heseltine.

"Red things, sir, always red. Just as though they were covered with blood. Look!"

The patient paused dramatically, and was staring with wide-open, luminous eyes straight towards Heseltine.

"Can't you see it?" he gasped, beads of perspiration on his face. "Right in front of you, red, red, dripping with red. Ugh!"

With a gasp that was half a moan, Mr. Duncan sank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. As rapidly as he could, Heseltine poured out some brandy, added water, and hastened to his patient's side.

"Drink this," he commanded.

Mr. Duncan uncovered his face, glared fearfully around, and then took the proffered glass and eagerly drank its contents.

"That's better," he muttered. "It's gone now, hasn't it? Couldn't you see it, doctor?"

"No, Mr. Duncan, there was nothing there to see," said Heseltine as cheerfully as he could.

"Nothing?" repeated Duncan, scowling slightly.

"No; it was but a creature of your fancy."

"But I saw it, man, I saw it, I tell you. It must have been there."

"When you were speaking of your complaint just now, Mr. Duncan," said Heseltine steadily, "you told me that you saw things that did not exist. Now you insist that what you see is concrete."

"It was there," muttered Mr. Duncan gloomily. "It was as red as blood; I saw it as plainly as I can see you now. It must have been there."

"How long have you been seeing such things?" asked Heseltine abruptly.

"Several years now," Mr. Duncan replied, after a momentary pause, during which he appeared to awaken his memory.

"Are you still in business?"

Heseltine's question had a remarkable effect on his patient. Mr. Duncan sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing, his face purple except where great veins stood out black. He threw one arm aloft, clenching his fists.

"In business?" he repeated with a snarl. "No, I'm in torment."

Heseltine shrank back wonderingly.

"In torment, I tell you," muttered Mr. Duncan. Then his arms fell to his side, he staggered back, and collapsed into a chair, shaking from head to foot. Heseltine rapidly poured out more brandy, which had the effect of reviving his patient somewhat.

"Shut the door, and lock it," said Duncan suddenly in hoarse tones.

"Lock it?" repeated Heseltine in surprise.

"Yes. I want to tell you something. No one but you must hear."

"But," objected Heseltine, "there's no one to hear. There is only my wife and our maid."

"Both women, doctor, and you ought to know that women should never hear a secret. Please lock the door."

Heseltine rose to his feet. After all, a wealthy patient must be humoured, particularly when wealthy patients are very few and far between. He locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"By the way," said Mr. Duncan, who had been watching the doctor narrowly, "there's one thing I forgot."

He produced a cheque-book from his pocket, and helped himself to a pen from Heseltine's table.

"Your fee, doctor?" he said. "I'd like to pay you a preliminary fee. How much?"

Heseltine hesitated. He was not accustomed to patients so anxious to pay. He was on the point of waiving the matter, but then he decided that some ready money would be very useful.

"Oh, half-a-guinea," he said. His usual

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fee for a consultation was three shillings and sixpence.

Mr. Duncan laughed. His pen moved rapidly, and, tearing out the cheque, he handed it to Heseltine.

"Will that do?" he asked.

Heseltine read the figures, and his eyes opened wide. He wondered whether his vision were playing him a trick. But no, there were the figures, black and convincing.

"One hundred pounds," he said in slow, amazed tones. "You have made some mistake, Mr. Duncan; this cheque is for one hundred pounds."

Mr. Duncan smiled. "No mistake, doctor," he said.

"But I cannot accept such a preposterous amount. I told you my fee was half-a-guinea."

"I'll take no refusal, doctor," said Mr. Duncan firmly. "This visit means much to me, I am convinced you are going to help me greatly. Therefore, let me fix my own fee.

"Tush! man," he went on. "It's a mere bagatelle to me, there'll be plenty more to follow. No, not a word," he added, as Heseltine commenced to protest.

"Now then, doctor, the door is locked?"

Heseltine nodded.

"Then listen to me. Have you any idea of what I am going to tell you?"

"None whatever."

"I said I had been in torment. Never have I spoken a truer word. And do you know the cause of it all?"

Heseltine shook his head.

"Doctors," snarled Duncan. "Doctors have been the bane of my life. Doctors, I tell you! Doctors!"

Duncan rose to his feet, his face livid with fury. He had drawn himself very erect, his clenched fists were pressed close to his thighs. For all the world he looked as though he were going to spring. Heseltine shrank backwards, amazed, and somewhat alarmed.

"Now I'll tell you why I came in here," Duncan said, in low tones vibrating with passion. "I have sworn to be revenged on the medical profession, and I have commenced this night. Already I have killed one of you, and now——"

He paused, his lips curling like a wild animal. Heseltine remembered noticing what strong, white teeth he had, and how pointed they were.

"And now," Duncan continued, "now I am going to kill you."

He stood staring at Heseltine, his eyes narrowed, a look of indescribable fury on his face. Heseltine was thoroughly alarmed now, for he recognised that Duncan was a lunatic. Probably escaped from the big asylum at Lorrington a few miles away.

He retreated slowly towards the door, his hand feeling for the key in his pocket. But Duncan made a sudden side-spring and interposed himself between Heseltine and the door.

"No," he said, "not that way. If you

"Can't you see it?" he gasped . . . "Right in front of you, red, red, dripping with red. Ugh!"

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shout for help you'll be dead before it comes. And if you do your wife shall follow you. I swear it, I swear it!"

In his ecstasy of passion a white froth came on Duncan's lips and his eyes blazed like two lamps. Heseltine repressed the inclination to shout, repressed it for his wife's sake, and with a mighty effort he collected his wits together. How could he deal with Duncan; was there any means of escape? In a second a dozen plans ran through his brain, his thoughts flying to and fro with an extraordinary speed.

Then he saw Duncan take a knife from his hip pocket. He noticed very clearly that the blade was large and dull. A shudder ran through him as he saw what had dulled it.

Duncan began to move towards him with a slow shuffling step. His heart seemed to cease to beat, great hammers seemed to be smiting inside his head, an insane desire to shriek aloud came over him. But in a second his brain was clear, and with steady eyes he watched the madman's advance.

Then Heseltine laughed aloud, and then again. Duncan ceased his advance and stared at the doctor in a puzzled fashion.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked. "The other one did not laugh, he—he cried a little."

"Why do I laugh?" asked Heseltine. "Why, Mr. Duncan, do you know you're the very man I've been wanting to meet for a long time?"

He was staring straight into Duncan's eyes now, and he noticed with satisfaction that before his steady gaze the madman's eyes dropped.

"Wanted to meet me—what for?" asked Duncan in thick, indistinct tones.

"Because I'm sick of living, and I am too big a coward to take my own life. So I m glad to meet someone to do it for me. I'll tell you all about it—sit down."

The madman hesitated, and passed his thumb over the keen edge of the knife. Then he tried to meet the doctor's gaze and failed.

"Sit down!" Heseltine commanded sternly, never allowing his gaze to waver for a second.

The madman moved slowly towards a chair.

"No, not there," said Heseltine. "Take that easy-chair, you'll be more comfortable there. I'll take an easy-chair, too. I may as well be comfortable during the short time I have to live."

Duncan slouched to the chair indicated, mumbling all the time to himself, and running his thumb along the edge of his knife-blade. Before he sat down he looked at Heseltine again, but found himself unable to meet the doctor's steady gaze. With something that was half a curse, half a snarl, he sat down. Heseltine did not seat himself, but stood in an easy attitude, his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, his fingers straying over the wall.

"Now then, Mr. Duncan," he said, "I'll tell you why I'm so glad to meet you, why I am so glad to have your assistance in a matter I could not manage myself.

"A year ago," he went on, "I took this practice. I sank nearly all my savings in it, and what money remained has been steadily going out during the year. I have not had enough work to keep myself, let alone my wife. And now I am faced with ruin—absolute ruin. There is no help for it, there are no prospects before me, and the only way out is suicide. But I have been afraid to do it although it is so easy—one swift cut across the jugular vein."

"I know, I know," whimpered the madman. "That's how the other one went."

Outwardly Heseltine was wonderfully calm, but inwardly fierce doubts and fears raged. A desperate plan had come to him; on its success everything depended. But should it fail—well, he knew how the other man went.

He remembered his wife saying: "Don't have that bookcase in your consulting-room, Dick. It looks so odd and out of place.' And he had replied: "I should like to have it in, dear; it's the only relic of my bachelor rooms." And so the ancient bookcase had been erected in his consulting-room

So clearly did he remember this, that for the moment he fancied he could hear his wife speaking. Only a year ago, was it? It seemed like a century to the agonised man. He stood gazing steadily and calmly at the madman seated before him.

Heseltine shifted his arm slightly and his fingers touched the bookcase and began to twist themselves around a steel projection.

"You know," he said calmly, "I ought to be thankful to you, Mr. Duncan, very thankful. You will save me no end of trouble, infinite trouble."

"Then let's get it over now," muttered the madman, grasping the handle of his knife firmly. "I want to see some more of you to-night."

He commenced to stand up. Heseltine's fingers moved quickly. There was a sudden

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harsh, creaking sound and the front of the bookcase fell forward. The edge crashed against Duncan's head, and the madman fell to the floor underneath a wooden bed. The bookcase was an ancient specimen of combination furniture.

* * * * *

"It's all right, dear."

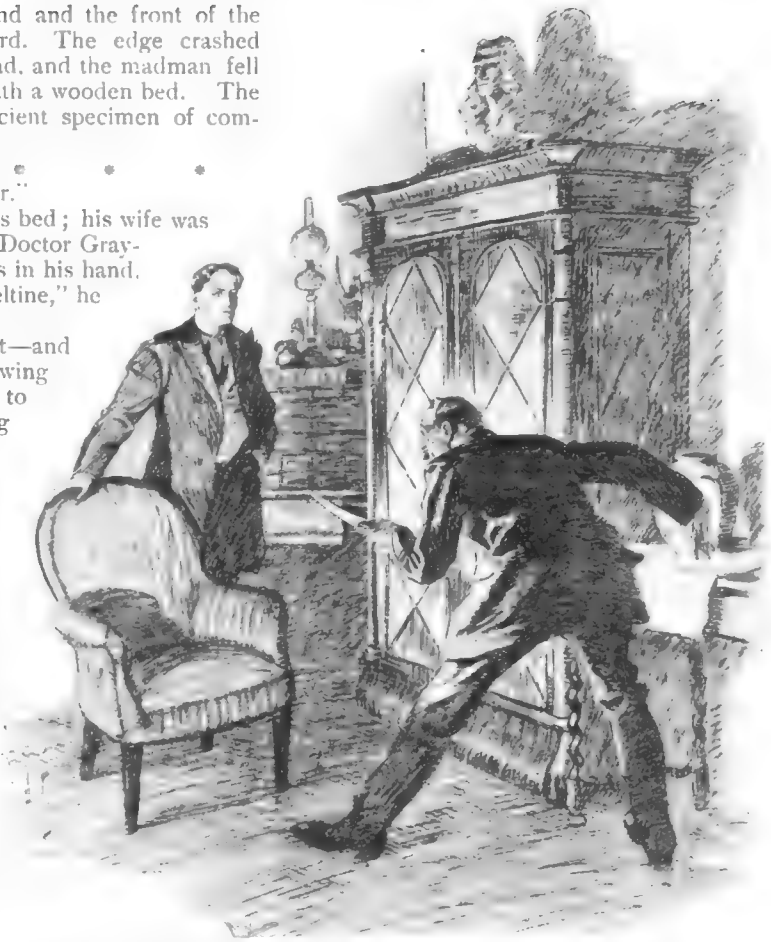
Heseltine lay in his bed; his wife was bending over him. Doctor Grayling stood by, a glass in his hand.

"Drink this, Heseltine," he said.

Heseltine drank it—and slept. On the following morning he woke up to find his wife watching him.

"Duncan?" he asked feebly.

"They've taken him away, dear," answered Mrs. Heseltine. "We got the police in and smashed the door open and found you both lying still on the floor. He escaped this afternoon, and they were searching for him. He thinks he is a millionaire and they give him cheque-books occasionally to quiet him. He wasn't hurt badly.



"Sit down!" Heseltine commanded sternly, never allowing his gaze to waver for an instant.

"He wanted to kill me," muttered Heseltine. "Said he'd killed another doctor. Who was it?"

"Dr. Richardson, dear," Mrs. Heseltine said in low tones.

"Thank God he's a bachelor." murmured Heseltine, and went to sleep again.

He came downstairs in the afternoon and stared at the bookcase, now erect and innocent-looking.

"There's two gentlemen to see you, sir," interrupted a voice. It was the maid's.

"Show them in," said Heseltine.

Presently two members of the Lorrington Asylum Board introduced themselves. They apologised very sincerely for Duncan's escape, and then began to question Heseltine closely. So strategic were their inquiries that without meaning to Heseltine told every detail of his interview with Duncan.

The two members of the Board gazed at one another and a meaning look passed between them. One nodded.

"Doctor Heseltine," said the other, "you displayed a courage and resource in tackling Duncan which are not often met with. We want a man like you. The head doctor's post at the asylum is vacant and we have no successor there capable of filling it. Will you accept the appointment?"

How he replied Heseltine never remembered. He was too full of feeling to speak coherently, but when the officials went away they left him the head doctor of Lorrington Asylum at a salary of five hundred pounds a year, with a residence thrown in.

Thus Heseltine did not speak an untruth when he told Mr. Duncan that he was grateful for his visit.

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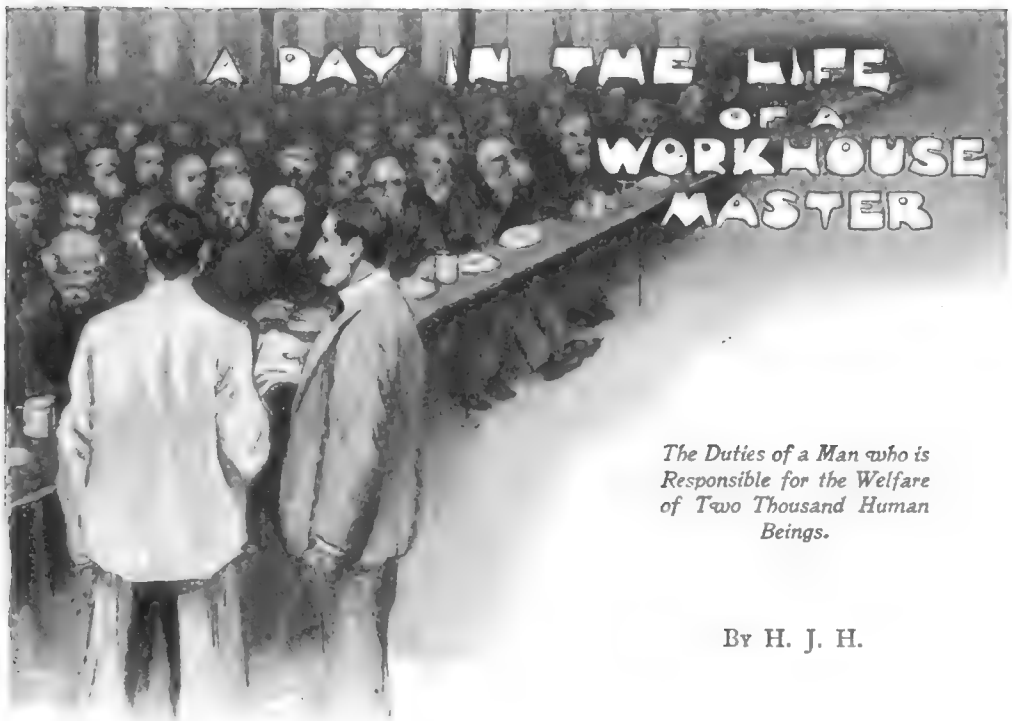

The Duties of a Man who is Responsible for the Welfare of Two Thousand Human Beings.

By H. J. H.

"Ding, dong, ding; ding, dong, ding; ding dong, ding!"

Fourteen years' use has failed to make my ears accustomed to the sound of the morning bell. At a quarter to six in summer and a quarter to seven in winter, the penetrating summons always reaches me, and on this occasion, although it is a typical London end-of-January morning, dark and cold, I almost mechanically slip out from between the warm sheets, and at once turn my thoughts to the duties of the day.

I am master in a workhouse that gives shelter on an average to nearly two thousand people.

One of the highest authorities on the Local Government Board has laid it down that the master of a workhouse is the most important officer engaged in the administration of the relief of the poor; he requires the possession of more qualifications than any other officer; he should be a man possessing a calm, steady temper; he should be firm, authoritative, and vigilant, but at the same time gentle and considerate towards those who come under his care; he should be guarded and temperate in his language and demeanour; he should be sober in his diet and orderly in his behaviour; attentive and soothing to the sick; exercising calm and judicious control over his subordinate officers, avoiding all captious, overbearing, or oppressive conduct towards them, and exhibiting no favouritism in regard to individuals.

I have scarcely time to consider if I possess all these bewildering qualifications, as I, in accordance with the regulation that insists on the master being always cleanly and tidy in his habits—as a good example to those in his charge—perform a rather hurried toilet, that I may be presentable when I pay my morning visit to the wards; but I cannot help thinking that, to carry out his duties satisfactorily, the workhouse master must certainly be something of a paragon,

His appointment is made, as is generally known, by the votes of a majority of the Guardians. The procedure includes an inquisitorial interview—sometimes two or three—in which practically the whole lifetime of the candidate must be disclosed. Many a curious question has to be answered. I give a few queries recently asked by Guardians of candidates:

"Do you understand the diseases of pigs?"

"Do you play golf?"

"Are you in favour of cricket and football being played by the inmates?"

"Are you a vegetarian?"

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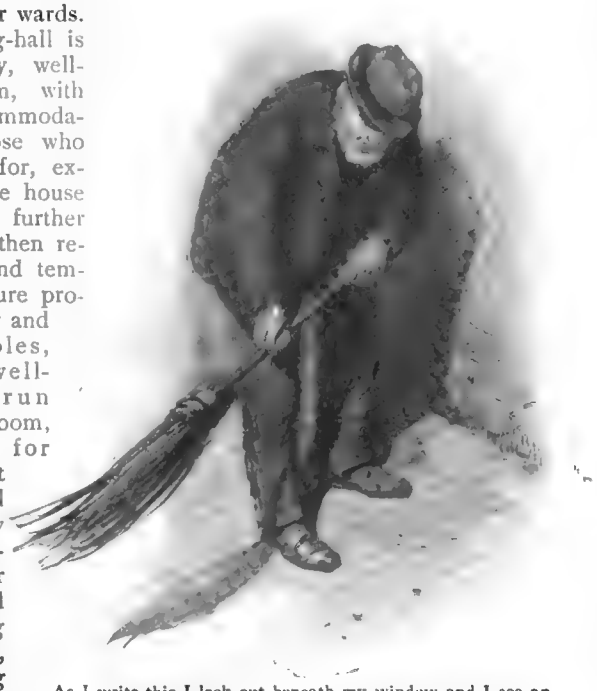
"Do you know how little a human being can live on?"

A civil answer, of course, must be given to all such queries.

But to come again to my "day."

Precisely at 7.15 a.m. I leave my house, which is situated in the grounds—it is imperative that the master shall reside within the workhouse precincts—to be present at roll-call. I cross to the great dining-hall, where most of the inmates in my charge are already assembled. These are what are known as the able-bodied males—the very old and the infirm are allowed to have meals in their wards.

The dining-hall is a large, airy, well-lighted room, with ample accommodation for those who are catered for, except when the house is crowded, further space being then requisitioned and temporary furniture provided. Long and narrow tables, bare but well-scrubbed, run across the room, with forms for seats. A great kitchen, fitted with every modern appliance for cooking well and serving expeditiously, forms a wing of the hall, an arched opening in the wall allowing the food to be transported from pot and pan to plate with the greatest dispatch, and yielding a cheery glimpse of the great range fires within.



As I write this I look out beneath my window and I see an octogenarian sweeping the walks.

At 7.30 the bell is sounded vigorously, prayers are said, and immediately there ensues a very animated scene—breakfast is served. Great, steaming vessels of gruel, and huge trays of brown bread make their appearance. Each man's rations at every meal are carefully measured and weighed in his presence, an interesting performance instituted by regulation for the double purpose of insuring that the ratepayers are not robbed by the paupers receiving more than they are entitled to, and to satisfy the latter that they are not being deprived of an ounce of that which is their just due.

I should say here that there is a distinction made between the diet of the able-bodied and that of the old and infirm. The latter class are served with tea and bread-and-butter, instead of the more general gruel and brown loaves.

Surely there is no more mixed gathering of humankind to be seen than that seated at the tables of a large London workhouse! I look around on that congregation as I have done hundreds of times before, and I cannot help being struck by the extraordinary contrasts presented. Here are many professional men, men who at one time held their heads as high as others are doing now. The doctor, the lawyer, the cleric, the military, and naval type are all represented here. Here, too, are seen the tradesman, the mechanic, and the chronic loafer—all equally "down," as they call it.

At eight o'clock the bell rings again. The hour of work has come. Standing by the door, I watch the men file through on the way to their various occupations—for in the workhouse the inmates actually work! There are a great number of people who regard the workhouse as the refuge of the lazy. There never was a greater mistake. I may as well warn anybody who contemplates an early retirement to the ease of a workhouse life that disappointment awaits him. Only those who are physically incapable of work will find rest there.

Why, as I write this, I look out beneath my window, and I see an octogenarian employed in sweeping the walks! And there is much harder work than that. It is frequently of the roughest and of the most menial description. Many men go down on their

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knees for the first time in a workhouse—to scrub the floors—and there is more elbow grease used than soft soap. A man is never long inside the workhouse gates before the medical officer pronounces him "fit" or "unfit." If he is "fit," he works — and works hard.

Therefore, the eight o'clock bell has scarcely finished clanging before every able-bodied inmate is busy at work. A regulation, by the way, insures that no person shall be employed at work detrimental to his physical welfare, as an instance of which I may mention "the pounding, grinding, or otherwise breaking bones, or in preparing bone dust."

Having seen my people fed and started on their day's duties, it is high time that I should look after my own inward needs. I go to breakfast.

At nine o'clock I am in my office, ready to interview subordinate officers, to receive reports concerning the admission of inmates, cases of illness, insubordination, etc., and to examine personally those newcomers whom I consider it necessary to see. Here it may be interesting to give the official classification of paupers. (a) Men and women infirm through age or other cause; (b) able-bodied men and women, and boys and girls over the age of fifteen; (c) children over the age of seven and under that of fifteen; (d) infants.

In the well-warmed recreation-rooms the old and infirm inmates may be seen passing the time as best they can with illustrated magazines, newspapers, and books, chess, and draughts.

Admission to the workhouse is gained in one of the following ways, viz. By an order of the Board of Guardians, signed by their clerk; or by a provisional order, signed by a relieving officer or overseer of the parish, to be confirmed at the next meeting of the Board; or at the direct instance of the master, without an order, in any case of sudden or urgent necessity.

The credentials produced, the particulars of every case are carefully entered in a register by one of my clerks, and the applicants are formally admitted and taken to the receiving ward, where they are examined by the medical officer. The physically unsound are removed to the sick wards; those pronounced free from disease to some of the ordinary wards, according to the classification described, *vid* the bathrooms. Here the newcomers' clothes are taken from them, searched, and afterwards purified, being then properly labelled for restoration on their owner's discharge. Each newcomer is given the usual house garments to wear.

In the meantime I receive applications for discharge from inmates wishing to leave the house. Any pauper may do so on giving a reasonable notice. In the event of an able-bodied man, having a family also in the house, so leaving, he is compelled to take the whole lot with him, unless the Guardians for some reason direct otherwise.

With regard to the wife whose husband is also an inmate, a rather curious position exists. It is doubtful if the Guardians have the power to prevent the wife from leaving without her husband; but the husband can, if he thinks fit, insist, by his marital authority, on her retention. If he consents to her going without him, the master may accept her notice.

If the husband wishes to leave and take his wife with him, but she refuses to accompany him, the master can compel her to go. If the husband is out of the house, and the wife in it, the Guardians cannot retain her there if he requests her to come to him.

Among other applications I receive during this part of the day are those requesting temporary absence from the house, or holidays—yes, the pauper is entitled to regular

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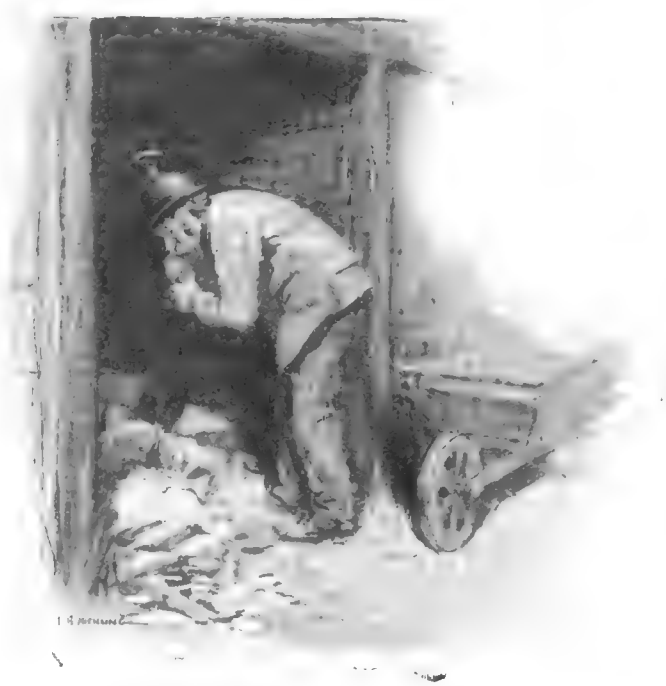
holidays; he may have three days and two nights once a month, or one day per week. I have received so many as seventy applications for holidays on one morning.

A frequent application is one for new clothes on leaving the house. Many come in clothed in rags, and are reluctant to go back into the world in a similar state. It is at the discretion of the Guardians to supply fairly decent suits from stock. This, in really worthy and deserving cases, is done, to enable a person to make a fresh start.

A stringent rule is that the master shall begin his daily round of inspection of the wards, workshops, etc., of the house at 11 a.m. every day; hence I have to hurry through my office work in order to carry out this part of my programme. In company with the officer in charge of each department I cover the entire buildings. This inspection is, above all, to insure cleanliness; and, thanks to the abundance of free labour, we workhouse masters can always be satisfied with the appearance of floors, tables, seats, and fittings generally. Some of the paupers call the house "Scrubtown," so diligently is cleanliness pursued within its precincts.



My daily round of inspection includes the "casual" wards.

In the well-warmed recreation-rooms the old and infirm inmates may be seen passing the time as best they can with illustrated magazines, newspapers, and books, chess and draughts, and even—in the proper place—with a morning pipe. The very old and feeble are allowed to remain in their sleeping wards; in some cases they are entirely bedridden, and partake of their meals as they lie. It is really remarkable how long these old fellows live—I have several nonogenarians here.

We have about a dozen workshops in which as many industries are carried on; tailoring, bootmaking, mat-making, sack-making, wood-sawing and chopping from the rough plank to the bundle of fire-lighters; and plain furniture-making and repairing. All these are in charge of competent paid foremen. No inmate receives any pecuniary compensation for his labour, although his dietary may be slightly improved.

No labour, except the necessary household work and cooking, is done by any of the inmates on Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day.

Several of the "hands" employed in our workshops are ex-artisans, who, through various causes, have been forced to accept the hospitality of the ratepayers. Some of these men are highly skilled.

We have in our tailoring shop an old man who at one time employed a large staff in a prosperous business in the district in which this house is situated. Misfortune, with which indulgence in strong drink or gambling had nothing to do, reduced this poor man in his old age to bankruptcy and the protection of the institution of which he was once a Guardian. On several occasions he has been offered assistance to enable him to leave the house, but these offers he has steadfastly refused. He has become so attached to the place and its ways—he has been an inmate for fifteen years—that he declares he would not feel at home out of it. I have known several instances like this.

My daily round of inspection includes the

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"casual" ward. This is an entirely separate building from the house, although it is in the same grounds.

It consists of a plain, single-storeyed structure, lighted from the roof. The floors are partly tiled, or partly made of concrete. The main sleeping ward contains no beds, but is fitted for the slinging of canvas hammocks as required. Opening from two sides of this ward are the doors of a series of compartments or cells just long enough to contain a slung hammock, and about three-and-a-half feet wide.

Here the "casual" usually sleeps, as the main ward is only used as a sleeping chamber in case of emergency or rush, the authorities having decided that the occasional visitor should be kept separate from his fellows as much as possible. Opening from the farther end of this sleeping cell is another smaller one, lighted by a barred window. This is the "casual's" workshop when he is not breaking stones in the open or under one of the yard sheds in wet weather. In this inner cell he is locked whilst at his task of picking oakum.

I may say that the "casual" is not encouraged to pay us more than one visit. His reception is never particularly warm. He generally drops in of an evening just before the appointed supper hour in this department of the house. His name and occupation, together with the name of the place whence he has come, and that whither he is bound, having been noted for reference, he is searched, and must take a bath. He is then given a meal, consisting of an 8oz. brown loaf and a pint of water. He is handed a rug or two—according to the temperature—and retires to his cell and his hammock.

Compelled to rise early, he is given half his breakfast rations, viz., 4oz. of bread and half-a-pint of water, and then tackles his task, *i.e.*, either picking 1½lb. of oakum, or breaking 3cwt. of stone. When this task is completed, which may be in two or four hours, according to his experience at such work, he receives the last moiety of his breakfast—4oz. of bread and half-a-pint of water. Then he is at liberty to take his departure—perhaps to go through the same experience in a neighbouring parish.

I have barely completed my round of the house, when the clang of the bell announces that it is now a quarter to twelve, when all hands knock off work and prepare for dinner, which will be served at noon in the dining-hall.

It is now my duty to visit the kitchens and to see that the food has been properly prepared.

The dinner to-day consists of meat and potatoes in the form of a stew. In quantity it is as much as any person of reasonable appetite can dispose of at a single meal. The dietary table of our house prescribes the following dinner: Thick soup, varied, with bread, twice a week; broth, varied, twice a week; meat and potatoes or cabbage, twice a week; suet pudding, once a week. The aged and infirm have meat pudding, or soup, on alternate days. Everything is served piping hot and expeditiously, those inmates who act as waiters being themselves served as soon as the bulk have been supplied, extra time being allowed them.

Dinner over, the remainder of the hour may be occupied by a stroll in the grounds or other recreation, but at the one o'clock bell, all begin duties again, working until a quarter to six, when the preliminary supper bell rings.

In the meantime, as soon as I have seen dinner served to all the inmates, I am at liberty to retire to my own quarters for lunch, and I am supposed to be off duty until two o'clock, but my leisure is more or less imaginary, as I generally find something to occupy me directly my midday meal is over.

Two o'clock finds me in my office, this time to act in the capacity of judge and jury, and I must say I find the ensuing half hour or so a very trying time! Inmates guilty of breaches of the rules of the house are brought before me for report and punishment.

There are two classes of offenders who have to be dealt with in workhouses—the "disorderly" and the "refractory." The former class includes those who have neglected to observe such of the official regulations as are applicable to them; who are noisy when silence is requested; who use obscene language; threaten assault; persist in untidiness of person; neglect work; pretend sickness; disobey the orders of officers; bring in drink, etc.

In the case of such offences, I am empowered, with or without the direction of the Guardians, to punish the pauper by substituting—during a period not longer than forty-eight hours—for the usual dinner a meal consisting of eight ounces of bread, or one pound of cooked potatoes or boiled rice, and also by withholding during the same period all butter, cheese, tea, sugar, or broth

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which the pauper would otherwise receive at any meal.

The "refractories" —*i.e.*, those who are guilty of assault, wilful damage to property, wasting or spoiling provisions, or who are found drunk — must be dealt with by the Guardians, who, on my report, may order the offender to be punished by solitary confinement and special dietary for twenty-four hours.

I am authorised in cases where "refractories" persist in violence, creating disturbances, inciting to insubordination, acting obscenely, or damaging goods, immediately to place these offenders in solitary confinement for twelve hours.

This confinement is reckoned as part of any punishment that may afterwards be imposed by the Guardians for the same offence. No pauper, I should perhaps mention here, can be legally confined between eight o'clock in the evening and six o'clock in the morning without being supplied with a bed and bedding, etc., suitable for the season. The master must also take care that while men are in such confinement no circumstance occurs to render such confinement injurious to health.

Two o'clock finds me in my office, this time to act in the capacity of judge and jury. Inmates guilty of breaches of the rules of the house are brought before me.

Not so long ago, the refractory pauper was compelled to wear a distinctive dress—indeed, I believe the practice is still in existence in some workhouses, but—like that other reprehensible practice that once existed compelling the pauper mother of an illegitimate child to wear a yellow gown or other mark of disgrace —the system has been abolished in well-governed establishments.

For most of the offences enumerated above, it is sometimes advisable that I should have the "refractories" brought before a bench of magistrates, who have power to impose much more serious punishment.

In a large and densely-populated workhouse disorderly and refractory paupers are always with us, and dealing with them is, in my opinion, the most disagreeable portion of a master's many and difficult duties.

The "disorderlies" and "refractories" having been disposed of, I find before me the medical officer's report, concerning the cases of two lunatics admitted the previous day—for, in certain emergencies, the workhouse authorities are bound to admit persons of unsound mind at any moment. Of course, there is a special ward in the house for harmless lunatics, but we are sometimes called upon to take charge of violent lunatics prior to their removal to the county asylum.

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Their accommodation is provided for by a series of apartments built on the same plan as those found in modern lunatic asylums.

For the very violent cases we have a padded cell detached from the rest of the buildings. During the temporary residence of dangerous lunatics, I have to carry out all formalities to insure their removal to an asylum within fourteen days of their entrance, as the regulations will not permit their remaining for any longer period.

A further duty is the checking of stores, a portion of this work having to be done daily, else it would soon get beyond one.

A most elaborate system of book-keeping is in vogue in workhouses of any considerable size. Here there are more than twenty different account-books to be posted regularly, from which detailed abstracts and returns have constantly to be prepared for the Guardians and the L.G.B. Of course, this work is chiefly done by clerks under my supervision. The checking of contractors' accounts is another task for which I am personally responsible, and which usually forms part, in some degree, of my daily labours.

An important regulation makes me responsible for the systematic registration of the births and deaths occurring in the house, and the usual forms must be inspected and initialled by me at least. I am also bound to give immediate notice to the nearest relatives of the death of an inmate, and if the body is not removed within reasonable time, I have to provide for its interment.

There exists an Act that practically compels the Guardians, in certain cases, to deliver the corpse of an unclaimed pauper to proper licensed persons—such as hospital authorities—for the purposes of dissection—a course which I am reluctantly compelled to follow—the demand exceeding the supply.

A recent official return showed that over 9000 husbands are "wanted" by certain workhouse authorities for deserting their wives and families and leaving them chargeable to the various Unions. Scarcely a day passes when I do not spend some time dealing with such cases in the house—supplying names and descriptions and offering rewards, taking up supposed clues to some culprit's whereabouts, and communicating with the police, etc.

What with the duties mentioned above and others of a less important nature, my afternoon has been fully occupied, and it is rather with a feeling of regret than otherwise that I suddenly hear the sound of the "knock-off" bell at a quarter to six, when I again cross to the dining-hall to see supper served at six o'clock.

This meal consists of eight ounces of bread and a pint of cocoa, and is the last of the day.

On finishing supper, the inmates are at liberty to pass the time in various forms of recreation and rest, draughts and dominoes being much in favour. Card-playing is not permitted.

I, too, may claim leisure for the rest of the evening. I shall not say how substantial that claim is, but leave it to the imagination of the reader to judge how much time a man who has charge of some thousands of his fellow-creatures can have at his disposal during the sixteen waking hours of the day.

I shall conclude by quoting the regulation that compels me to visit "all the wards of the male paupers before nine o'clock every night in winter, and ten o'clock in summer, and see that the inmates are in bed, and that all lights and fires are extinguished."

PHYLLIS AS A SUFFRAGETTE.

Only twelve short months ago
Phyllis was a gay coquette,
From the buckle or the bow
On her slender pointed toe
To the loftiest aigrette
On her fluffy head—d'you know,
Only twelve short months ago
Phyllis was a gay coquette?

Only twelve short months and, lo!
Phyllis is a Suffragette
From her close cropped head (ho! ho!)
To her broad and square cut toe,
And the gold tipped cigarette
Which she puffs at just for show—
Only twelve short months and, lo!
Phyllis is a Suffragette.

Ada Leonora Harris.

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A SNAIL'S DIARY

His Record of a Romantic Affair.

By Jessie Pope.

10.30.—Wake, rather later than usual, feeling a bit off colour. Think last night's strawberry gorge must have upset me, for snails, like human beings, have their dyspeptic moments; and though I *am* a snail I should like to remind the sensitive reader that there are snails *and* snails, and I am one of the *and* snails, claiming direct descent from one great, grey ancestor, who came over the back wall when this terrace of houses was first built.

11.0.—Toss and turn in my shell, but sleep forsakes me. Quite sure I've got a temperature this morning. Leave ancestral home for cool couch on a wet clod—in No. 4 garden. Ancestral home, I may mention, is a cobweb-tapestried hole in the wall between Nos. 4 and 5, the gardens being personally superintended by a male amateur gardener at No. 4, and a female amateur gardener at No. 5—whose quaint efforts to grow flowers and vegetables keep me in humour and nourishment.

11.30.—Just dozing on clod when disturbed by steady pressure beneath me—return it with interest, but am forced to yield to superior power, and am toppled over sideways.

11.40.—Peep out cautiously from my shell, where I have retired in case of more volcanoes, and perceive my opponent is a young green shoot—just hatched out above the soil.

11.45.—Approach cautiously, licking my lips. "Who may you be, my pushful friend?" I say genially. "Oh, I'm a scarlet-runner," he says, with youthful enthusiasm, "only just up. Hooray!" "I'll *scarlet run* you," I reply, and eat him off short. Second scarlet-runner pushes through; repeat the performance. Have heard humans get good sport out of shooting rabbits as they pop from their holes. Nothing to this, however.

12.15.—Retire behind clod, at approach of male amateur gardener. Very dressy this morning. Pale grey flannels, elegant colour-scheme in socks and tie, hair immaculately parted down middle. Used to work in dirty old *reach-me-downs*

"Oh, I'm a scarlet-runner," he says, with youthful enthusiasm, "only just up. Hooray!" "I'll *scarlet run* you," I reply, and eat him off short.

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Hear thunderous booming and see huge bumble bee bustling about among the apologies for flowers.

before making acquaintance of female amateur gardener next door, who has also taken to wearing white muslin—much against her mother's wishes—for digging and dibbing out, and who generally spends twenty minutes adjusting the curls under her sun-bonnet before coming out to work.

12.20.—Make myself scarce, as male amateur gardener begins prodding about to see if scarlet runners are up yet—and retreat to strawberry patch, where the only one I left unsampled last night should be ripe by now.

12.40. — Find hereditary enemy, tawny coloured, shell-less snail, with queer, corrugated back, in possession of it.

12.50.—I approach, bristling, saying fiercely: "*My* strawberry, I think." He winks at me.

"Think again, my son," he remarks, and goes on nibbling.

"Have at you!" I ejaculate, and with horns out we hurl ourselves into the combat. Fur and feathers would have flown indeed, had there been any to fly, but our savage hissing and bubbling caused immense sensation among a crowd of greenly and wire-worms, who had gathered round to see fair play.

1.0.—Rolling, locked in deadly embrace, we inadvertently tumble back to the scarlet-runner bed, and I have only just time to disentangle myself and make off, as male amateur gardener approaches with the brine pot, and spots my enemy at once.

"So *you're* the brute who eats my beans, are you?" he exclaims, and pops him into the brine pot. Thus is justice done, and thus I may exultantly claim to be, if not the direct, the indirect cause of his awful end.

1.25.—Safe back in ancestral home, the humour of the incident strikes me, and I nearly crack my shell with laughing, but feel I will give male amateur gardener a rest, and climb down the other side to No. 5.

2.0.—Find kitten with blue ribbon round its neck waiting to receive me. "Let's play football," it says. I agree (a case of Hobson's choice), and discover that football is a decidedly dangerous game from the ball's point of view. Rules want adjusting. Consider when player keeps jumping up in air and dropping down on ball all four feet at once he ought to be ordered off the field. Dribbles me down path, then hits me against wall. Happily I strike it with business end and stick, and, unable to move me, kitten cries truce and begins to rub first one cheek then the other against my apex in a nauseatingly affectionate manner.

2.30.—Hear female amateur gardener coming. Pink muslin and sun-bonnet to match to-day. Evidently means business. Snatches up kitten who continues the cheek-rubbing process against her face. "Oh, what a great horrid snail," she says, catching sight of me. "I must get my brine pot. Oh—good-afternoon" (to male amateur gardener)—"perhaps you would lend me *yours*. Kitty's found such a horrid snail."

2.45.—Crawl away in safety, as they forget all about brine pot in conversation, and retire through wall to male amateur gardener's flower-bed.

3.15.—Hear thunderous booming and see huge bumble bee bustling about among the apologies for flowers. "Hullo, Keir Hardie!" I say (we keep in touch with politics by scraps of newspapers in dust-bins) "what's wrong now?"

"The whole garden's wrong," he blusters, "shockingly mismanaged—never watered properly, never manured,

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Find kitten with blue ribbon round its neck waiting to receive me. "Let's play football," it says. I agree (a case of Hobson's choice), and discover that football is a decidedly dangerous game from the ball's point of view.

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At last feel box raised hurriedly, and lid torn off.

dug, or weeded. If the flowers take my advice they'll strike. Look at this lily of the valley, now; one flower among about thirty leaves, and not a scrap of honey in it either, I expect," and he is silent for a moment as he sticks his trunk in to investigate.

3.30.—Next moment he is flicked off by male amateur gardener's finger and thumb, and rolls back close to me, loudly complaining of shock. "*I* want that," says male amateur gardener, and he picks lily tenderly and places it in a little box, and writes something on a slip of paper to fit over it, puts it down, and retires down the garden for some reason or other.

3.40.—Draw closer in curiosity and see he has written—"I am sending the inclosed because it reminds me of you." Find he has gone to get brine pot, and become alarmed. No time to get home; only cover available inside box.

3.45.—Crawl in under paper, and hear him searching about for me. Gives it up. Shuts lid, and presently feel box lifted up and dropped gently over wall.

4.5.—Nothing happens. Get fearfully bored and eat lily, though the flavour is decidedly bitter; still, it gives one something to think about.

5.40.—At last feel box raised hurriedly, and lid torn off, female amateur gardener's voice whispers ecstatically: "'I am sending the inclosed because it reminds me of you.' Oh, what *can* it be?" See daylight as paper is lifted.

5.45.—Am dashed angrily to ground. Shell chipped by the violence of my fall against arbour floor. See female amateur gardener sitting in far corner with angry tears in blue eyes. Presently she wipes them away, and going resolutely into garden, begins digging.

5.55.—Comes back with small, wriggling worm in trowel, places it in box, replaces paper on top, shuts lid and gently lowers over wall.

6.20.—Crawl up arbour window in time to see male amateur gardener pounce on box, and open; reads his line of writing, and sees wriggling worm underneath. Face a study of perplexity, resentment, and despair. Same expression, in fact, as is on female amateur gardener's, who has retired to a dark seat in the arbour, and is sitting in gloomy silence with her arms outspread on the arbour table.

7.0.—Catch sight of untouched plate of strawberries at her side. In my hurry I miss footing and fall; manage to save myself by striking her bare, listless, arm, and stick there like a leech.

7.10.—"Ye-ow!" She lets out a strident shriek. There's a tearing rush from the next garden, as the male amateur gardener leaps the wall, and dashing into the arbour catches her in his arms. "Knock it off! knock it off!" she cries, clinging and shuddering; and he does knock me off with unnecessary violence.

7.15.—Luckily fall on strawberry plate, and make up for lost time. "You *can't* love me," I hear her say presently, "if I remind you of a snail." "But you don't," he says in a surprised tone. "Then why did you put one in the box?" "I put a lily of the valley in the box," he protests. "There was only a snail when I opened it," she says, "that's why I sent the worm." A light breaks in upon him. "The villain must have crept in and eaten the lily," he exclaims. "Here he is, the greedy brute," and he seizes me roughly by the shell.

"Don't hurt him," she pleads, "because, if he *did* make us quarrel, he drew us together again. Let's make a pet of him and give him the free run of both gardens."

8.0.—Am tenderly deposited on succulent bed of seedlings, and, tired with my busy day, fall asleep, to dream of the blissful future, immune from danger, among celery and seedlings, cauliflowers and kale.

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A MUTINY RELIC

The Story of a Dramatic Reunion.

By Dorothea Moore.

It was to be a Mutiny dinner, Lady Anna decreed, and a Mutiny dinner it was, as far as could be contrived in the narrow confines of a small provincial town.

Its *raison d'être* was the visit of Lady Anna's cousin, General Sir Harry Whitworth, whose distinguished career may be said to have begun in the horrors of the Indian Mutiny more than half-a-century ago.

Lady Anna was famous for the way she seized her opportunities. With the subject of the Mutiny veterans so much before the public, and a great bazaar in their aid coming off under her patronage the following month, she felt that this particular veteran could not have chosen a more convenient time for stirring up the interest of the neighbourhood by his visit, and straightway scoured her calling list for "Mutineers," as her husband christened them.

The old white-headed vicar of the parish church had been a young Army chaplain in the thick of it all. There was a pensioned colonel with one arm, possessing a daughter who was not very willing to be labelled as a "Mutiny Baby." Then there was a square-built, silent county magnate, who had gone into Lucknow a scapegrace, and came out to welcome Havelock's Highlanders—a man.

And lastly there was Miss Gray.

"We shall be an odd number," Lady Anna had said, as she considered her invitations. "Lord Griffith takes me in, Harry takes Lady Griffith, you the vicaress" (she was addressing the little man who had the honour to be her husband). "Then the vicar takes Mis Garth of course, and that means no one left for Colonel Garth. Find someone, David!"

Then it was that Mr. David Ransome had one of his infrequent inspirations.

"Surely little Miss Gray was out in the Mutiny as a child?" he said. "Upon my word I feel convinced she was."

And as Lady Anna had also heard some rumour to that effect, an invitation was dispatched forthwith to the little gentle old maid, who lived, as old maids do, in a cottage by the church, with a cat and a canary and one trim little servant.

"To meet my cousin, General Whitworth," Lady Anna wrote upon the cards, and all the guests had responded that it would give them the greatest pleasure to do so. But when the evening arrived, and with it the "Mutineers," it struck even Lady Anna's not very observant eyes that the pleasure was something more than a figure of speech on the part of little Miss Gray. The delicate oval of her finely-featured face was flushed with pink as soft and pretty as a girl's; her clear blue eyes were shining under her still luxuriant grey hair.

The conversation showed a tendency to drift into topics other than the Mutiny, but Lady Anna brought it back with a strong hand.

"Perhaps you do not know," she said magisterially, addressing Lady Griffith, who with herself, her husband, and the vicar's wife were the only non-Mutiny folk present.

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"that my cousin has brought down with him some most interesting relics of the Mutiny, which I hope we may induce him to show after dinner in the drawing-room."

There was a little buzz of interest and intreaty, and Sir Harry laughed pleasantly, and said if anyone were interested in what little an old soldier had to show, he should be delighted, etc.

The talk turned upon relics after that; only the pensioned colonel, who could not hear what was being said, went on explaining to Miss Gray at great length whose mismanagement was responsible for the Mutiny.

"Whom did you say she was?" asked Sir Harry in a low voice of his cousin on his other side.

"Who? Oh, you mean little Miss Gray! " Lady Anna answered. "She is looking quite pretty to-night, isn't she?"

"Yes, she has the eyes one so seldom sees except in a child," he answered in so low a tone that it was hardly audible even to Lady Anna, though her head was bent close to his that she might deliver the information he had asked for without risk of being overheard by anyone.

The move was made soon after, and the men left, with a smiling command from Lady Anna, which her husband received ruefully, not to sit long over their cigarettes and dreadful Mutiny stories; but to come into the drawing-room as soon as they could manage to give the ladies the benefit of these last.

"And don't forget to bring the child's sash and the other things, Harry," his cousin added, and wondered, as she swept out with the other ladies, what brought that vivid flush to little Miss Gray's face for a moment.

The talk did not strain after a high historic level in the drawing-room. Lady Anna and Lady Griffith compared shocked notes over the enormities of cooks, and the vicar's gentle old wife joined in with inquiries after one of her G. F. S. girls who had gone recently as kitchenmaid to Lady Griffith. The colonel's daughter and Miss Gray, who were both gardeners, drew together to discuss experiences, and had wandered into the conservatory when the gentlemen were shepherded to the drawing-room in a rather unwilling condition by their host.

Lady Anna broke off in the midst of an exciting account of the astounding demands of her maid and her replies to them: "Now at last we shall hear something more about that dear delightful Mutiny!" she cried. "Where are Miss Garth and Miss Gray?"

"In the conservatory," answered Sir Harry, and he stepped through the open glass door into the soft fruity fragrance of geranium. The two came towards him at once—Miss Garth, energetically youthful in a shade of pale blue eminently trying to a face where the high colour had the fixity of middle age, and little Miss Gray in her trim black gown, relieved by soft white and a few old-fashioned silver ornaments. Once, as they came near, the general fancied for an instant that he caught a glimpse of scarlet lending a touch of colour to the little lady's dress; but he must have been mistaken, for she was nothing but soft blacks and whites as she passed in Miss Garth's rear through the door he held open. As she smiled up a thank you at him, the old general was struck afresh by the childlike beauty of her eyes, which seemed somehow to stir a chord of recollection in a mind which was naturally turned upon the past to-night.

In the drawing-room Lady Anna was exhibiting the relics of which she had spoken, with something of the air of a show-woman, appealing to Sir Harry for details about this and that. Conspicuous by its colour among the sober hues of the rest—the inlaid pistol, the curious bronze image, the little pocket Homer with two bullet holes transfixing it—was a length of soiled and faded scarlet ribbon, of a kind not often seen now. It was of stiff watered silk, rather broad, and showed traces of having been tied. It was, in fact, such a sash as might have been seen—in blue, or bilious magenta pink, or tartan—around the waist of any small girl in the days when "Liberty" was yet unknown.

A piece seemed to have been taken off at one end, for the silk was jagged and uneven there; whilst at the other end it was quite correctly swallow-tailed to hinder ravelling.

"This is the sash, Harry, isn't it?" inquired Lady Anna, as public attention seemed to focus on the ribbon to the exclusion of the other things. "Didn't it belong to that dear little girl you saved at Jumkuttra? Do tell us all about it?"

The general was standing by the table, drawing out the ribbon absently between his fingers, a far-away look in the dark eyes which were usually so full of fire still, despite his seventy years. But at his cousin's words he started and awoke.

"Yes, the sash belonged to little Kitty, the jolliest and the bravest morsel of a child I ever knew," he said. "I remember her so well that I can't believe it to be fifty-one years since I caught a glint of scarlet between

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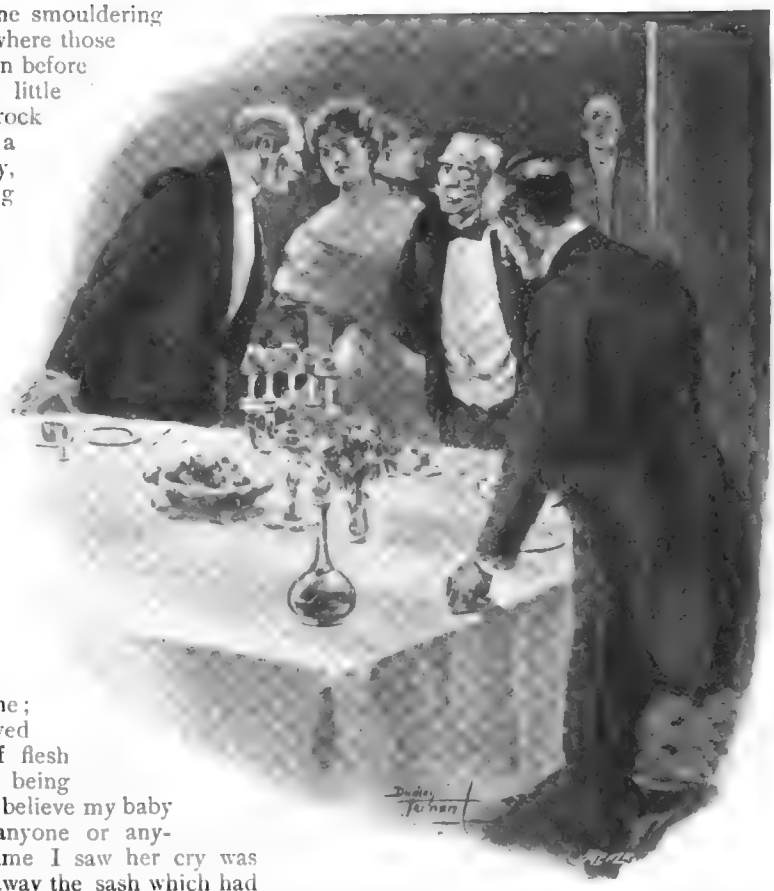
some bushes near the smouldering ruins of Jumkuttra, where those native fiends had been before us, and picked a little bundle in a white frock and red sash off a dead soldier's body, and brought it along with us."

"Poor little dear! How old was it? Wasn't it afraid of you?" asked two or three female voices — Miss Gray's not among them.

"*It*, or *she* rather —she was a very distinct personality all along I can tell you — was four years old," the general said smiling, "though the very smallest four-year-old that you could possibly imagine; more like a blue-eyed fairy than a child of flesh and blood. As to being afraid of me, I don't believe my baby ever was afraid of anyone or anything. The only time I saw her cry was when I had to take away the sash which had first attracted my attention to her. It was too conspicuous for our purpose, but she would not allow me to throw it away, and could only be reconciled to putting it out of my sight in my pocket, by my hacking a little piece off one end for her to pin inside her frock." He held up the rough end of the ribbon. "It was done with my sword," he said.



"And don't forget to bring the child's sash and the other things, Harry," his cousin added.

There arose such a chorus of questions that no one noticed Miss Gray's silence. She sat a little away from the circle of interested listeners, her blue eyes upon Sir Harry's face, her hand straying nervously about the soft white chiffon that half filled in the neck of her gown.

"How did I manage to look after a baby?" laughed the general. "Well, I hardly know. All I can say is that there never was such a child! I won't bore you with the history of our adventures from the time I and my handful of men arrived too late to save that lonely little station of Jumkuttra to the day, two months later, when Meerpore, where we had betaken ourselves, was relieved just as we were at the last gasp. There was never a woman near Kitty all the time, and she took to her clumsy male nurses with the graciousness of a little princess. We all adored her, but she was my baby from the first—slept in my quarters, had her meals sitting upon my knee, and so forth. She learnt to call me Harry; I never thought of teaching her my other name.

"She had a quite extraordinary courage for a child. Once I remember, before we reached what little safety and shelter Meerpore afforded, we were crawling through scrub when I sighted Sepoys. She was chattering to me in her little clear voice. I put my finger to my lips, and she understood directly. We crouched there in the scrub for an awful half hour, while those fiends, drunk with English blood already, passed us. Our lives hung upon a thread and the discretion

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"What—what have you there?" he asked.

of a baby; but I swear to you the little thing never made one sound.

"And again, at Meerpore, before we were relieved, the end seemed as though it *must* come. One remembered Cawnpore, and the mutilated bodies of little children in the well. I was ordered out to the walls; for the last time we thought it.

"I took my baby on my knee and got my pistol ready behind my back to kill her when she wasn't looking. But she thought it was a game, and ran behind me to see what was in my hand. She had seen me shoot more than one native in our awful journey from Jumkuttra, and I'm sure she understood. She just stood quite still, looking up at me with those blue speedwell eyes of hers, and a look of absolute trust in her little flower-like face——"

He stopped abruptly. "Thank God! the rescue came before it was too late," he concluded.

"What happened to the darling?" the vicar's wife asked softly.

Sir Harry roused himself with an effort. "I don't know," he said. "When we all got to safety I was laid up with a neglected wound. A colonel's wife had charge of my baby, and found out about her relations in England. I was too ill to be asked, even if the views of a boy of nineteen had counted; and she did what I suppose was after all the right thing, and sent the child straight off to them, in charge of someone who was going home at once. The colonel's wife got fever and died before I was about again, and it was no one else's business to know exactly where the child had gone. They told me that she had been sent to her dead father's people, and with that I had to be content. Fool that I was, I had never troubled to find out her surname; she always called herself just 'Kitty,' and I had left it at that.

"I had no means of finding her, but always somehow have kept a notion that we should come to meet again. Partly in hope of that, and partly in memory of my baby, I have kept that scarlet sash."

He gave a little sad laugh. "I have often wondered what happened to the piece I hacked off to put into Kitty's frock," he said. "She wore it at the neck, just underneath her tucker, and she used to play with it when nobody was looking——"

Miss Gray dropped her hand as though it had been found in some forbidden occupation. The movement caught the General's eye; he made half a step towards her.

"What—what have you there?" he asked with a suddenness that made everybody jump.

Little Miss Gray, very pink, lifted her clear blue eyes to his, and unpinned something from beneath the folds of chiffon at her neck. It was a clumsy rosette of scarlet ribbon, frayed at one end.

"I only had one Mutiny relic," she said. "I had to wear it to-night; but I meant it to be out of sight still."

* * * * *

At Lady Anna's most successful bazaar a month later no one talked of anything but the wedding of two Mutiny veterans, brought so strangely together again by that Mutiny relic.

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Cap and Bells

A FATAL EXPERIMENT.

SCIENTIFIC PARENT (on a stroll): "You see out there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son."

To the Coster: "My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?"

COSTER: "'Cause I ain't a hoss, yer old thick-head."

* * * * *

NOTHING NEW.

There's a question which engages
Much attention now, I'm told:
"Women should receive men's wages,"
Cry these agitators bold.

But, my friends, though you mayn't know it,
There are many people who
Solemnly declare that: "Blow it!
Married women always *do!*"

Charles Vivian.

* * * * *

NOT WORTH WHILE.

"No, sir," said the umbrella manufacturer, "I shall not advertise in your paper. I've watched your attitude towards my business. Last year you predicted seven clear days to two rainy days, and I don't consider that friendly."

* * * * *

THE CURE.

"I've a dreadful cold, doctor."

"I see you have. Let me feel your pulse. H'm. Yes. You'd better take a hot bath, and under no circumstances get your feet wet."

MAKING IT WORSE.

IRATE CUSTOMER: "Look here, Mr. Cohen, I bought this blue suit from you yesterday, and paid two pounds ten for it; and as I came out in the sunshine it turned red."

MR. COHEN: "Mine frent, you haf got der wrong suit; you haf got one of dose fashionable four-pound chameleon suits. You must pay me one pound ten extra."

* * * * *

A BUSY SPOT.

"This," said the dear girl, as she led the way into a secluded little nook in the conservatory, "is what papa calls his 'match-box.' Everybody comes in here to propose."

* * * * *

THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH.

Nobody wishes the baby stolen; nevertheless, it is a relief to fond parents when the nurse cribs it at night.

* * * * *

HOW COULD SHE?

"Your father is worth a million?" said Hunter to his jealous sweetheart.

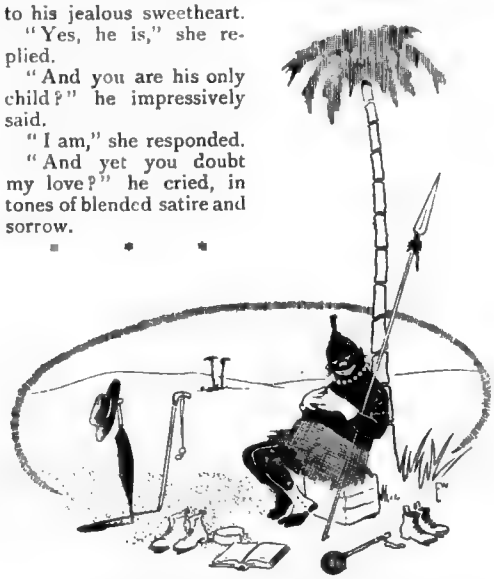
"Yes, he is," she replied.

"And you are his only child?" he impressively said.

"I am," she responded.

"And yet you doubt my love?" he cried, in tones of blended satire and sorrow.

* * *



"Two missionaries were attacked and surrounded by a negro warrior," said the Bishop.

"I don't see how one negro could surround two missionaries," objected the Vicar.

"By absorption, my dear sir," rejoined the Bishop. "The negro ate the missionaries."

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OBVIOUS.

The other morning Jones turned up at the office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself set about registering the day's transactions, usually Jones' first duty. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately, and said to Jones, very sternly indeed:

"Jones, this will not do."

"No, sir," replied Jones, gently drawing off his overcoat as he glanced over his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have entered M'Kurken's order in the wrong book. Far better to have waited till I came!"

* * *

A HINT.

POLICEMAN (to street corner loafer): "Do you play draughts?"

LOAFER: "I do."

POLICEMAN: "Well, it's your move."

* * *

A LITTLE MIXED.

At a late dinner at the Mansion House three foreign Consuls were present to whom the Lord Mayor wished to do honour by drinking their healths. He accordingly deputed the toast-master to announce "the healths of the three present Consuls." That official, however, mistaking the words, gave out: "The Lord Mayor drinks the health of the Three per Cent. Consols."

* * * * *

OF SOME ASSISTANCE.

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your pills?"

"Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully, "I fancy the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

* * *

A SOFT ANSWER.

ACTRESS (angrily): "Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of the 'Abandoned Wife' was a miserable failure?"

CRITIC: "Ye-e-e-es; you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you."

"Well, Angelina, I have never really met more than two really lovely girls."
"Ah, who was the other one?"

A TIP.

SNACKS: "Have you read that article on 'How to Tell a Bad Egg'?"

SNICKS: "No; but if you have anything important to tell a bad egg my advice is, break it gently."

* * *

REPARTEE.

The driver of a prison-van, known for his ready wit, was one day conveying his victims to durance vile, when a would-be wag on the footpath hailed him with: "Got any room inside yer carriage Rubbert?"

"There's room for a sma' ane," returned the driver. "We kept it for you."

Nowise disconcerted, the wag made another shot. "What's yer fare, Rub?" he asked.

And Rub wiped him out with: "Bread and water; same as ye had before!"

* * *

ABOUT BIRDS.

"Bur-rds is illigant," Mrs. Brannigan observed as she encountered her friend, Mrs. O'Flatherty. "Ye can tache 'em anything. Me sister has wan as lives in a clock, and whin it's toime to tell the toime it comes out and says 'Cuckoo' as many toimes as the toime is."

"Thot's wondherful!" said Mrs. O'Flatherty.

"It is indade," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An' th' wondherful par-rt av it all is, 'tis only a wooden bur-rd at thot!"

* * * * *

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It was the first time that little Bessie had ever seen a snake and as it writhed along she ran into the house breathless with her discovery. "Oh, mamma, come quick!" she cried. "Here's a tail wagging without any dog."

* * *

CONSCIENCE AGAIN.

TEACHER: "You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is filthy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?"

TOM (shamefacedly): "That's me."

News from the Front.
Express School of "Typewriting"
May 41908!

DeAr Mo?ther

Just a linE to lRt you know iAM getting on FirSt (1st) RatR with my typ,ing:, theinstructoR says! I anthemost pRomising puPil he" has eveR had., iI suppose it is a gIRT" somE ofthe girls make allkinds of sill,y Miss Takes — then grumbl% at! the typew riter" which is hardly fair!! I tellthem if you puT your finger onthe cApital J key you ar?e bound" to find a cap,ital! on your paper But they don"t

Your £oving Daughter
Marlly.

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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"Are you afraid of the dark?" asked a mother of her little daughter.

"I was once, mamma, when I went into the dark pantry to take a tart."

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I shouldn't find the tart."

PUTTING ON SIDE.

"I tell yez, Mary Ann," said Micky Dolan, as he sat down to his supper, "it is not fer me to be on-charitable to me felly-man, but whin Dinnis O'Brien wid his wood leg, takes to carryin' a cane besides, it looks to me loike too much shtoyle and extravagance, so it do."

* * * * *

TWO TO ONE.

"I do like you," I boldly said—
She was but eight years old,
And I just twelve, when, thus betimes
My first love tale was told.
For Cupid (drat that dart!)
Had struck and left a smart,
She was my first sweetheart—
Maid one!

When, older grown, I told my love
How dear she was to me,
The maid, more beauteous still, said "Nay,"
But gently as could be.
My heart sank, faint I grew,
My hand from hers withdrew,
My face was then, I knew,
Made wan.

But, nothing daunted, I resolved
Once more my suit to press,
And this time—ah, those rose-red cheeks!—
She shyly whispered "Yes."
I capered like a boy,
For she, divinely coy,
At last was, to my joy,
Maid won!

And so, when springtime comes again
To scatter winter's gloom,
When daisies fleck the fields with white
And cowslips 'gin to bloom,
To church we'll go with glee
And gladness, for, you see,
We two intend to be
Made one!

J. Clare Billing.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"Most of you," said the genial Bishop to some candidates for ordination, "will do well to avoid action in the pulpit. I shall never forget a raw-boned Irish curate I once had, with hands like legs of mutton. I can see him still preparing for a grand peroration, and leaning over the pulpit with outstretched dependent palms, as he exclaimed: "'Paws, me brithren, paws!'"

And the genial Bishop gave a merry chuckle.

* * * * *

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticised her puddings, and he criticised her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuits as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so, too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

Madam: "Well, Mary, what did you think of the pictures at the Academy?"

Mary: "Oh, mum, there was a picture called 'Two Dogs,' after Landseer, but I looked at it for nearly half-an-hour and I couldn't see no Landseer."

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HE ONLY WANTED TO KNOW.

"Papa," said an inquisitive boy, "don't fishes have legs?"

"They do not," answered papa.

"Why don't they, papa?"

"Because fishes can swim, and so they don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few minutes, and papa forgot about his questions. Shortly after the youth asked: "Papa, ducks have legs, don't they?"

"Why, yes, ducks have legs."

"Well, ducks swim, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't fish have legs if ducks do, or why don't ducks not have any legs if fishes don't?"

Papa gave it up.

* * *

CARE NEEDED.

There is a very droll story of a doctor who went to settle in a village out West, and the first night of his arrival was sent for to attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion:

"This hyar babe's got the small-pox, and I ain't posted up on pustules. We must approach this case by circular treatment. You give this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me; I'm a stunner on fits."

"Is your father asleep, child?"
"His face is, mother, but his nose isn't."

* * * * *

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

FIRST STUDENT: "What makes your dog howl so dismally?"

SECOND STUDENT: "He always howls when I wear these studs. They were made out of one of the bones of his mother."

* * * * *

SOMETHING IN THAT.

A young minister, unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday-school, asked, to gain time:

"Children, what shall I speak about?"

A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand, and in a shrill voice inquired:

"What do you know?"

* * *

A SEASONABLE THOUGHT.

A writer on etiquette says: "A genteel carver always sits when he carves." Perhaps he does; but it is pretty certain that there are times when he yearns to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with it.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The scholars were most of them farm labourers' children, and some of them were a little slow of comprehension. One day, in geography class, the teacher explained at great length all about the cocoanut-tree. He noticed that one of the urchins looked incredulous, and so, when the child slowly put up his hand at the close of the explanation, he asked him what he wanted. With an expression of great anxiety on his face, the pupil asked:

"Does cocoanuts really grow on trees?"

"Why, of course, Jacob," was the answer. "Where did you think they grew?"

"Why," said he gravely, "I thought the monkeys laid 'em."

* * *

EASILY SATISFIED.

AMERICAN GIRL (in London): "You are the one who sends little personal items to the home papers, aren't you?"

LONDON CORRESPONDENT: "Yes, I am. Going to appear on the stage?"

"Oh, no; I only want a little mention in the personal department. You see, I have bought a hat exactly like that worn by the Princess of Wales, and——"

"Yes, a little item to the effect that you and the Princess looked equally pretty in the same sort of a hat can be worked in very nicely."

"Oh, but I want something more pronounced than that, you know."

"Let me see. Well, I can say that at a reception your hat was exactly like that worn by the Princess, thus showing a great similarity of taste, and——"

"That won't do; it hasn't the right sort of sound, somehow."

"You will have to prompt me, then."

"Just state in a few plain words that as soon as the Princess caught sight of me she rushed off and bought a hat exactly like mine; that's all I want."

* * *

THEIR MISTAKE.

A body of sailors from a British vessel, stopping at Samoa, went to the German Consulate and demanded beer.

"This is not a hotel," said the offended official who met them.

"Well, if it ain't a pub., what's that black fowl hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman.

The "sign" was the German eagle, the consular coat of arms.

To scratch with your toes
When a gnat bites your nose,
As you do, is most impolite.
You should brush it away
With a "hanky," and say:
"Excuse me you hinder my sight."

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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THE ADVANTAGES OF CULTURE.

MISTRESS (angrily): "See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust!

SERVANT (admiringly): "Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothing like eddication, after all, is there, mum?"

* * * * *

TOO TRUE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "What kind of boys go to Heaven?"

SMALL BOY: "Dead ones."

* * * * *

THE STRANGE MESSAGE.

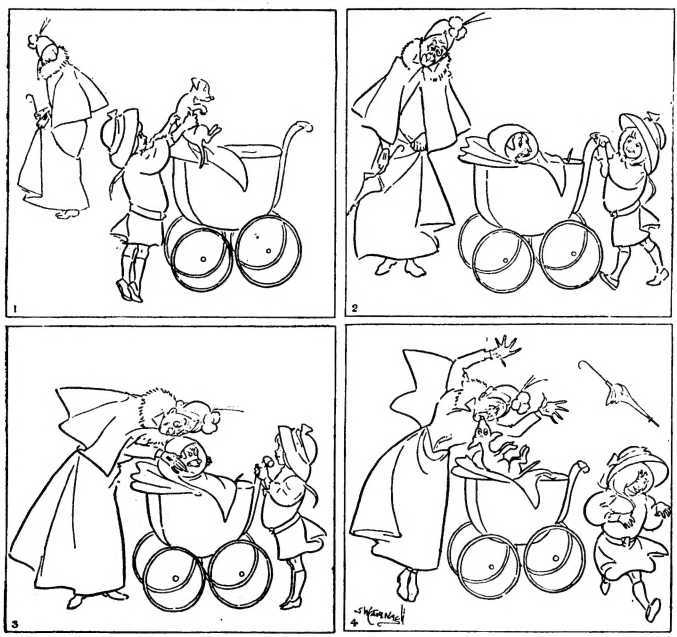
A good story is told of one of the ten special foreign service messengers engaged in taking special dispatches from various Courts to and from the Foreign Office. One of these, who had gone on a holiday to the Riviera, received from London the following telegram:

You are fast and dirty; return at once.

Full of wonder, he repaired home, to find that the telegram should have told him that he was "first on duty."

* * * * *

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THE BABY.



THIRSTING FOR INFORMATION.

Little Gertrude, entering a butcher's shop for the first time, stood gazing around her in silent absorption. Presently she took her mother by the hand, and, leading her to where hung a string of Bologna sausages, she put a tiny finger on one big sausage and gravely inquired: "Mamma, what was this when it was alive?"

* * * * *

A GREAT TRUTH.

The man who calls out in the morning that he is getting up when he isn't, simply lies in bed.

NOT ENOUGH.

GREAT ACTOR (with a large hand): "Ah, knave, go to! go to!"

VOICE FROM THE GODS: "I say, mister, you go nap with a hand like that."

* * * * *

SMART BARGAINING.

"Well, Patsy, you're back from the fair early. I hope you made a good bargain."

"Deed, an' I did, your honour. Sure the ould woman giv me sixpence to buy an almanac, and I've brought her back two of last't year for it."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Some Advice.

THE FREE-LANCE.

I SUPPOSE you know what the above word signifies in connection with journalism? A free-lance is a journalist or author unattached to any special paper or publishing firm, who depends for his living solely on his own initiative in finding stories and articles for papers in general.

Now I want to say a word or two about the Free-lance and his work, as so many people I know—contributors and readers of THE ROYAL—are continually asking me whether I would advise them to take up journalism, which means in nine cases out of ten becoming a free-lance. I am tempted, I confess, to answer invariably—no, because that puts me on the safe side, and takes the responsibility off my shoulders of perhaps having ruined some young man's career. For journalism at the best is a hazardous profession, and free-lance journalism more hazardous still.

If you are employed in a bank you may not have any special ability, and yet earn a sure and year by year increasing income. You will earn next to nothing as a free-lance unless you have considerable ability, not only as a writer, but also as a man of ideas, push, energy, and untiring industry. If you fall ill when employed in a bank, your salary is paid you for some considerable time, and your place kept open for you. Illness is fatal to your work as a free-lance: your income comes to a dead stop; you lose touch with your market; in fact, you "drop out of it" in astonishingly short time.

ABILITY AND ABILITY.

I have said that you must be a man of considerable ability as a writer. But I should like to qualify. So many people seem to imagine that if they have an unusually fine literary gift their career as a literary free-lance is made. Never was there a greater mistake. It is a most unusual thing for a man of exceptional literary talent to earn anything like a decent income before many years of hard struggle have been endured.

AN INSTANCE.

A case in question occurs to me. I knew a young fellow in some commercial business whose turn for writing was quite out of the common. In his spare time he wrote several excellent stories and a couple of novels. He sold most of the stories, and the novels were published, and he was very proud and pleased, though the work didn't bring him in any money worth speaking of.

But the notices he received in the papers and the praise of his friends emboldened him to throw up his commercial position and start work as a free-lance. He soon found out that it was just his exceptional ability which stood in the way of his making a decent living. His subjects were not those that command a ready market. He wrote to please himself, not the public. It was a physical and moral impossibility for him to dash off stories and articles at top speed. He must carefully brood over his ideas, and then work them out with laborious and delicate literary art, that might command the admiration of æsthetic specialists, but certainly was lost on the public, on whose patronage he had to depend.

In less than a year he was reduced to such a low ebb that he took up with alacrity a small clerkship that was offered him, and is now, I am glad to say, comfortable enough. He still writes, but he will certainly never again think of trusting to his pen for a livelihood.

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